The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1914.

Summary of the News

Prospects for a satisfactory outcome of the mediation proceedings, which at the end of last week appeared somewhat gloomy, have brightened considerably. The papers of June 18 published the statement of the Huerta delegates explaining their opposition to the proposal of the United States for the appointment of a Provisional President of Constitutionalist sympathies. The main contention of the Huerta delegates was that, for the very reason advanced by the United States that the Government in Mexico controlled elections, it would be impossible, with a Constitutionalist as Provisional President, and with a majority of Constitutionalists on the Advisory Commission, to hold impartial elections. The Administration's reply, insisting on the choice of a Constitutionalist, was made known on Friday, and a deadlock appeared to have been reached. A hurried visit to Washington of Dr. Naón, the Argentine representative at the mediation conference, resulted in the formulation of a new plan of procedure, on which we comment elsewhere, the principal feature of which is that representatives of the Constitutionalists will confer informally with the Huerta delegates, with a view to reaching an agreement as to the Provisional Presidency. There will thus be, as it were, a conference within the conference. It is assumed that the formal mediation proceedings, meanwhile, will be confined to the international aspects of the problem.

The break between Villa and Carranza, which has been so often reported and contradicted, appears to have actually occurred last week, when Villa dispossessed the civil authorities in the northern part of the territory under Constitutionalist control and substituted military appointees of his own. The difference, however, seems to have been adjusted, for the time being, at least, and Villa has taken over the supreme command in the attack on Zacatecas, superseding Gen. Natera, whose attack last week was repulsed, with severe loss.

The Nicaraguan and Colombian treaties have been before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate during the past week. Giving evidence before the Committee on Monday Mr. Bryan brought forward the Dubois memorandum, made during the last Administration and stating that "the people of the United States honestly regret anything should have occurred to mar, in any way, the long and sincere friendship that existed for nearly a century between Colombia and the United States," as evidence that the clause in the Colombian treaty which has been interpreted as an apology by the United States had, in effect, the sanction of the Taft Administration.

The nomination of William G. Sharp, of Ohio, as Ambassador to France, was confirmed by the Senate on June 19.

The Clayton Anti-Trust bill has been under consideration by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, and it seems probable that it may be reported by the end of this week. It is stated that considerable modifications have been made in the bill and that, in particular, the clause exempting labor unions from injunctions or restraining orders issued by the courts to prevent picketing at or near the premises of employers has been stricken out.

Following his discovery that the returns of the income tax will fall short of the Treasury estimate by some $23,000,000, Secretary McAdoo on June 18 addressed a communication to Congress recommending an amendment to the law which should give the revenue collectors broader inquisitorial powers. The assumption is apparently made that Treasury estimates are infallible and that, therefore, there has been wholesale dishonesty in making out returns for the income tax. The proposed amendment gives to the agents of the Government the widest discretion in examining the books, papers, and records both of individuals and of corporations.

In the absence of the greater part of the Progressive party on the high seas an interesting little squabble has arisen among the fractions that are left at home. On Friday of last week Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Progressive candidate for United States Senator from Pennsylvania, publicly endorsed the objection raised by his brother, Amos, against Mr. George W. Perkins as Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Progressive party. Mr. Amos Pinchot's objection to Mr. Perkins was on the ground that his connection with corporations and his alleged reactionary views regarding "big business" had been detrimental to Progressive interests. On the same day a resolution demanding Mr. Perkins's retirement was offered at a meeting of the New Jersey State Committee of the Progressive party, but was tabled until Col. Roosevelt should have returned.

M. Viviani's Cabinet easily survived its first test vote in the French Chamber last week, receiving a majority of 223 on a vote of confidence arising out of the Premier's declaration of policy. M. Viviani's declaration was almost identical with that of M. Ribot, which had failed to gain the support of the Chamber, except that it insisted even more strongly on the maintenance of the Three Years' Military Service law. The result of the vote shows that, as had been surmised, opposition to M. Ribot's Ministry was based on personalities rather than on policies. The rest of M. Viviani's statement dealt principally with financial provisions, and on June 19 the Chamber further endorsed the new Ministry's policy by adopting, by a vote of 459 to 108, a resolution authorizing the Government to issue a loan of 800,000,000 francs for extraordinary military and naval expenses.

On Monday the French Government issued regulations, enforcing the law passed last March, which will seriously affect foreigners, and particularly Americans, residing in France. The law, which has so far been held in abeyance, but which will now become operative on July 1, provides for a tax of 5 per cent. to be levied upon incomes received in France from foreign stocks, bonds, and securities of every kind.

A terrible aerial disaster, in which nine lives were lost, occurred in Vienna on Saturday, when, in the course of some military manœuvres, an aeroplane collided with the dirigible balloon Koerting, tearing its envelope and causing an explosion. Both machines dropped together from a height of 1,300 feet, and all of the two crews were killed.

Fighting has continued in Albania between the insurgents and the Government troops. Another attack on Durazzo last week was repulsed, but, according to dispatches from the correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, an expedition of Malissore tribesmen that was sent against the insurgents failed utterly, the tribesmen having been surrounded and cut to pieces.

The tension between Greece and Turkey, which when we wrote last week appeared extremely acute, has been sensibly relaxed by the conciliatory tone of the Turkish note sent in reply to the protest of Greece against the treatment accorded to her subjects in the Ottoman Empire. The Turkish note declared that Greek subjects who had been compelled to escape from Turkey during the past few weeks would be permitted to return and that compensation would be made for losses that they had sustained. The situation, nevertheless, remains sufficiently serious, and this country has become to some extent involved in it on account of the projected sale to Greece of the old battleships Idaho and Mississippi. The President has made known his approval of the sale, the question of which has been before Congress for the past ten days, explaining that he did so with the understanding that the acquirement of the ships by Greece would promote the cause of peace. The Turkish Ambassador is understood to have protested against the proposed sale.

The deaths of the week include: Prof. John R. S. Sterrett, Bennet Burleigh, June 16; James B. Brooks, Martin M. Reynolds, June 17; ex-Senator Frank Hiscock, June 18; Brandon Thomas, Sir John E. G. Hill, June 19; William Erskine Torrens, June 20; Baroness Bertha von Suttner, James Moore Swank, Joseph T. Kelly, June 21; Morgan B. Williams, Bayard Dominick, June 22; Mrs. George Westinghouse, June 23.

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The Week

The new aspect of things at Niagara is cheering in a double sense. Not only are the efforts for peace, which last Saturday seemed to have reached absolute frustration, to be continued, but the issues have been simplified by bringing face to face the two parties directly concerned. It must be admitted that the situation has its anomalies from the standpoint of correct diplomatic technique. Huertistas and Carranzistas are to carry on the work of a conference which was called to avert hostilities between Huerta and the United States. The A B C nations as mediators between Huerta and the United States have surrendered the centre of the stage to the United States acting as mediator between Huerta and the Constitutionalists. But it is only the pedants of diplomacy who will find fault with the situation. The Tampico flag incident, never more than a pretext for bringing the Mexican problem to a head, has long been lost sight of; and we imagine President Wilson will contrive to bear up under the charge of inconsistency on the smaller matter if only the outstanding issue of Mexican pacification through the elimination of Huerta is attained. Of that the chances are brighter than ever; and not the less so because the two parties now confronting each other at Niagara are the same parties that confront each other at Zacatecas.

President Wilson's earnest efforts in behalf of a settlement at Niagara have earned him the gratitude of friends of peace. The habit of sneering at the Administration's policy of watchful waiting has not died out. But if watchful waiting means a passive attitude, a mere vague expectancy of something that will turn up, the phrase absolutely does not apply to the course pursued at Washington since the opening of the conference at Niagara. Far from drifting, Mr. Wilson has known all along what he wants. He may be accused of prejudice in setting his mind implacably against Huerta; he may be accused of undue partisanship in espousing the claims of the Constitutionalists; but it cannot be said that he has wavered in his determination that the Niagara conference shall not adjourn before all human means towards an agreement on peace have been exhausted.

Mr. Bryan makes a legitimate point in his defence of the wording of the proposed treaty with Colombia, when he points out the almost complete identity of its language with that of the Dubois memorandum, drawn up as the basis for a projected treaty in President Taft's time. But while this consideration may properly be urged as a defence against personal criticism, it is far from conclusive as to the merits of the question. Even if the Taft Administration had drawn up a treaty in form, embodying the same words, it would still remain a question whether the language was desirable; and to say a thing in a memorandum designed to pave the way to a treaty is very different from saying it in the treaty itself. To use the language of courtesy and good will, while providing substantial reparation for injury, would seem to be as far as a nation can be expected to go in the formal instrument of the settlement of such an affair as ours with Colombia. "The United States of America and the Republic of Colombia, being equally animated by the desire to remove all obstacles to a good understanding between them"—such is the opening phrase in the draft of the treaty proposed in Secretary Root's time, and it ought to suffice for any present purpose.

In handing down last Monday so large a number of decisions, before adjourning for the summer, the Supreme Court gives further proof of the industry and energy which have marked it for the past few years. It has now very nearly cleared its calendar. The so-called "intermountain case" is highly technical in its details, but simple enough in the fundamental principles involved. The "long and short haul clause" of the original Interstate Commerce act forbade the charging of higher rates for freight carried between two given points than was charged for freight carried, "under substantially similar circumstances and conditions," between two other points, served by the same line or lines, where the distance traversed was longer. In the amended act of 1910, the "substantially similar conditions" clause was dropped There was left in the act, however, the provision that, "upon application to the Interstate Commerce Commission, such common carrier may in special cases, after investigation, be authorized by the Commission to charge less for longer than for shorter distances"; the Commission being empowered from time to time to prescribe the extent of such exemption from the "long and short haul clause." In the case at issue, the railways insisted that their through transcontinental rates were necessarily kept down by ocean competition from one coast to the other; but that rates between intermediate points, or between an intermediate point and either coast, were not fairly subject to such ocean competition. They therefore asked for higher rates in some of the transportation last referred to than for the full transcontinental haul. The Commission in 1911 partly admitted this contention; but, pointing out that its scope applied in different degree, according as the intermediate shipping centre was near to or remote from the coast, it established a compromise arrangement. Under this, a series of geographical "zones" was fixed, separated by north-and-south lines, and for each of those several zones rates were adjusted according to their assumed relation to the influences which fixed the through transcontinental rate.

The railways party to the suit had challenged the Commission's right to fix such "blanket rates," and the Commerce Court, since abolished, had upheld the contention. The Supreme Court now rules against it, and decides that the Commission has full authority to proceed on the lines adopted in its compromise arrangement of 1911. In two respects the Court's decision is of particularly timely interest. It appears to recognize (what had previously been disputed) the Commission's right to alter rates on the basis of a "blanket ruling," not by fixing each separate rate individually; and this may bear on the pending decision as to a general increase in Eastern railway rates. It also sustains a policy of the Interstate Commission which will become much more important, both to the railways and to the shippers, when the ocean route from coast to coast is shortened by the opening of the Panama Canal.

The orthodox Republican view of the way the tariff works can be stated in a

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few words. When we put on a high tariff, we don't make prices any higher to the consumer, but nevertheless we enable manufacturers to pay high wages; when we reduce the tariff, the consumer gets no lower prices, but nevertheless the manufacturer is compelled either to shut up shop or to reduce wages. Just why these things should be so must be a good deal of a puzzle to many persons, and it ought to be something of a relief to them to learn of concrete instances in which things act in a less topsy-turvy fashion. Therefore the statement issued by the Federal Sugar Refining Company, which shows the direct connection between tariff reduction and sugar prices, is valuable. The price of raw sugar in bond is nearly the same now as the average price for some years before the tariff was reduced—2.04 cents per pound, as against 2.09 cents—but the price of refined sugar in the American market is now only 3.82 cents, as against 4.40. There is thus a saving of .58 cent per pound, which means an annual reduction of more than $48,000,000. When the duty shall have been entirely removed, there will be, says the company's statement, a further saving of some $100,000,000 a year. The same kind of thing is going on in many directions. But it is hard to get people to take much note of such relief from indirect taxation, just as it is hard to get them to realize the burden which the tariff imposes on them in the shape of high prices. But the burden is none the less real, nor is the relief any the less beneficial.

Not very long after Col. Roosevelt's announcement that he cannot be a candidate for Governor, and the intimation that he may even be prevented from taking an active part in the campaign, the holy war against Perkins proclaimed by Amos Pinchot takes on reality. Gifford Pinchot has now declared that Perkins is decidedly not wanted in Pennsylvania, and the George L. Record wing of the New Jersey Progressives demands similar action. One might imagine that the Progressives, threatened with the defection of their commander-in-chief, would be in no hurry to pitch any more leaders overboard. A Progressive campaign without Roosevelt in the line of battle and Perkins in the commissariat would seem to be doomed in advance. But that is only superficial reasoning. The fact is, of course, that only Roosevelt is strong enough to carry the burden of Perkins. The Progressive party unaided can never stand up under the weight. Perkins as a Progressive is neutralized by Roosevelt. With the Colonel in partial retirement, Perkins would remain the outstanding figure in any nation-wide campaign the Progressives may undertake. The radical voter who has made a wry face at swallowing Harvester Trust, even with Roosevelt sauce, will balk when presented with Perkins *au naturel*.

Simplicity itself is the aim of the bill which Senator Stone and Representative Flood, at the instance of the Third Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Phillips, have introduced to make the consular and diplomatic services more mobile. It provides that secretaries and all consular employees be appointed to grades, not to specific posts. The inelasticity of the present plan has long been a source of embarrassment. In emergencies in other cities or in other countries, consuls cannot be transferred without a delay that may stretch into many months before the Senate confirms the nomination. Important changes, moreover, are frequently necessary to adapt the consular service to new conditions; and while the Department can suspend consular offices, it cannot establish new ones. Another innovation is the provision of a uniform salary for each grade. Under the present law, with a specific salary attached to each specific assignment, a promotion necessitates a change of post, and thus frequently removes the officer from the place where he is most useful. Director Carr, of the Consular Service, remarks that the flexibility to which the bill looks "would go far towards giving this country an organization worthy of the name." While the measure cannot be pressed this session, it deserves early consideration in the next.

That some of the cobwebs of our American parallel to the Circumlocution Office, the patent registry, could be made to yield to a new broom, was proved on paper long ago; the first annual report of Commissioner Ewing shows the beginnings of it in practice. Since January "the work has not been more than eighteen to twenty months behind, as a rule." The condition of affairs when the present head took office is succinctly stated. "There was complaint, and very properly, of many cases greatly delayed. There were 4,007 cases between five and ten years old, sixty-nine of these having been in the office as long as fifteen years, and 780 being more than eight years old. While these constituted about 4 per cent. of the total business of the office, their importance, and the work they entail because of their complicated nature, are far out of proportion to their number." The numerous instances of injustices and personal hardships caused by these slow-dragging cases are only one reason for expediting them. Another is the cumulative burden they place upon the patent office force. The employees have been driven at full speed, patent attorneys induced to coöperate with the corps, and a rule invoked forbidding endless amendments to applications. What has been needed is thorough depolarization, as Dr. Holmes would call it, of formulas and systems.

The first congress for the country-wide promotion of mental hygiene, called at Baltimore under the auspices of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, has adjourned after attracting little attention. Yet it would be notable if only as summarizing the extent to which similar committees within the States are devoting themselves to the subject. Their general objects are the study and amelioration of conditions whence insanity springs; the study of debatable or border-line cases of mental disease; the bettering of the laws governing the commitment of the insane; and the investigation of institutions and institutional methods. Since the formation of the first Mental Hygiene Society in 1908, Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina have witnessed the foundation of similar bodies. Virtually all have sprung to usefulness as supplements to the efforts of the State Boards of Health and State Boards of Education—that of Illinois, for example, having taken over, at the request of the Cook County courts, the study of cases pending commitment in Chicago. Their clearer function, however, is in the setting up of free clinics, the employment of medical directors, and the education of the pub-

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lic in mental hygiene. The field is one in which private philanthropy, especially when scientifically directed, should prove highly useful.

No more interesting action has been taken recently in college circles than the decision of the joint committee on academic freedom of the American Economic, American Political, and American Sociological Associations to investigate the forced resignation from Wesleyan University of Prof. Willard C. Fisher. Professor of economics in that institution since 1906, Mr. Fisher has had his own ideas on numerous subjects. He has twice been Mayor of Middletown, and at that time found that his views on the question of Sunday observance offended the orthodox. The chief bone of contention seems to have been a jocose remark by Professor Fisher to the effect that it might be well to close all the churches of the country for some years as an experiment. This was naturally heresy for Wesleyan, and his resignation followed. He is also reported to have admitted that his attitude is not in harmony with the traditions of this college. But the collegiate world has a vital interest in knowing whether this is something more than incompatibility of spirit or not; whether it is a case of repression of free opinion due to presidential intolerance, or whether it is a case where another connection is more fitting for one of Professor Fisher's frank utterance. It is a difficult problem in human relations which the joint committee has now tackled; but in the interest of the public, colleges which do not tolerate reasonable freedom of thought and speech, ought to be labelled as such.

The chances of success for an aeroplane flight across the Atlantic depend on the extent to which the managers of the enterprise can combine in their machine the factors of speed, sustained flying capacity, and structural strength, which separately have been developed by the aeroplane to a degree approximating the requirements of a trans-atlantic venture. In the matter of mere size, lifting capacity, and stability, the record unquestionably belongs to the Russian aviator Sikorsky, who has carried sixteen passengers at once on a machine with a wing spread of more than 100 feet and driven by four 100-horsepower motors. An aeroplane equipped with cabins—and also restaurant facilities?—like Sikorsky's, would seem to put aviation for touring purposes outside of the experimental class. The record for sustained flight over a measured course is held by Fourney, who in 1912 covered 632 miles in 13 hours 22 minutes; but the closer parallel to the contemplated Atlantic flight is Roland Garros's dash from Bizerta across the Mediterranean to San Rafael, a distance of 558 miles, in 7 hours 53 minutes. The distance from our coast to the Azores, given at 1,200 miles, would call for a duplication of Garros's speed of 70 miles an hour for more than 17 hours. Cold figures would argue that the Atlantic will not be conquered for some years.

A recent letter to the press by the Archbishop of York cited a remark lately made to him by "a distinguished American citizen," to the effect that what most impressed him in the present political situation in England was "the contrast between the demand of the country as a whole for some settlement [of the Irish question] by consent, and the incapacity of Parliament to give effect to it." We fancy that this distinguished American citizen had seen kindred phenomena in his own country; and if the Archbishop had cross-examined him, the reason might have appeared to be the same as to-day in Great Britain—namely, "the entanglements of party pride and policy." Of these the Archbishop complains as standing in the way of averting what may be civil war, though to this the whole nation is averse. The chief entanglement has been that of the Unionist party with Ulster. What Ulster wanted was the defeat of the Home Rule bill and the expulsion of the Government from power. The Ulstermen have themselves played straight. It has been said of them by an Irishman who knows them well that they were not bluffing, because they were too stupid to bluff. But this rude simplicity of the plans of Ulster has been confused by the manœuvres of the English Unionists. The latter demanded the exclusion of Ulster. Now, Ulster did not want exclusion; it wanted to smash the bill and turn out the Liberals. But the Unionists thought that the thing could be done by making a great play about Ulster exclusion. Now that this is to be offered them, in some form or other, Ulster is in a rage at the thought of any settlement which means the passage of the bill, and Unionist leaders are beginning to say that they never intended to assent to exclusion.

Australia has been having her trouble over a labor-preference bill, though of an order the reverse of ours. In two successive sessions of the Commonwealth Parliament, the Government have passed through the House a bill forbidding the preferring of trade unionists in employment on public works. But the Senate, where there is still a Labor party majority, has on each occasion rejected it. Under such circumstances, it is expressly provided in the Australian Constitution that the Governor-General may dissolve both Houses of Parliament. This has just been done, at the instance of the Liberal Premier, and a general election is to follow. No doubt, the Prime Minister, Mr. Cook, hopes to secure seats enough to make sure of the enactment of the bill. Next time, if the Representatives again pass the bill, only to have it thrown out by the Senate, the Constitution provides that it shall be laid before a joint sitting of both Houses, of which a bare majority would suffice to pass it. The issue thus forced is unusual, and the final decision will be watched for with interest.

Far from despairing of the future of parliamentary government in China, Professor Goodnow, constitutional adviser to President Yuan Shi-Kai, believes that the Chinese republic is following the traditional course of evolution from despotism to parliamentary institutions. This course leads through a period of concentration of large powers in the hands of the Executive. It is possible to speak of Yuan Shi-Kai as dictator only by comparison with the radically democratic ideals cherished by the revolutionaries of the south of China under Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. The slow pace of progress towards true representative government is exemplified in Japan, where, after nearly forty years, the principle of Executive responsibility to Parliament is just beginning to assume reality.

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MORE CONSPIRACIES!

There is room for dispute as to the condition of business in a great many lines, but there is one line of business which is unquestionably booming. The conspiracy business has never before attained anything like the position it now enjoys as a well-defined branch of capitalistic enterprise. So rapid has been its development in this country that, although only a few years ago—say in the time of President Roosevelt—it could not be classed as anything more than an infant industry, barely struggling for existence, it has now attained the dignity of an international institution. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain gives a branch of American enterprise the recognition of conspicuous mention in a political speech, it may certainly be said to have "arrived." The opponents of Lloyd George's policies, it appears, have "called in the aid of American millionaires," and he goes on to tell his hearers why "these golden apostles" are "intervening in British politics." Inspired by what is going on across the ocean, "America is getting sick of the ruthless piracy of these modern buccaneers." And so the Trust magnates, "baffled and beaten in their own land, are coming over here to stop the deluge at its source."

The question remains, however, whether the conspiracy business is the business of forming conspiracies or that of imagining them. So far as our sources of information extend, we have to say that real conspiracies are still very scarce. Take this one that Mr. Lloyd George has just sprung upon us. The only foundation that he appears to have for his statement is the speech of J. J. Hill's, in which he said: "The false humanitarianism of British social legislation is going to destroy British trade, British commerce, and British industry." Now it is true that Mr. Hill is a millionaire; and it is also undeniable that it is only because he has been a wonderfully successful railway and business man that his opinion was cabled to England. But apart from this, it does not appear that Mr. Hill's millions have had anything to do with the case. Even the few shillings or pounds it took to cable his talk were doubtless paid for in the usual way by the news associations. Out of this Mr. Lloyd George, it appears, has found it the easiest thing in the world to conjure up a mighty conspiracy, a desperate attempt of the Trust magnates of America "to stop the deluge" of humanitarian legislation "at the source." And what makes this performance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer the more curious is that the one American fortune which has, in point of fact, been employed to influence the course of British politics—that of Joseph Fels—has been used in promotion of radical land legislation, and has been of material help to Lloyd George's general propaganda. That, to be sure, was done in the open, and therefore was no conspiracy; but at least it was done, and there is not the faintest trace of reason to believe that anything at all is being done, above ground or under ground, by American Trust magnates to oppose British radicalism.

The latest development in our own Administration's warfare upon the conspiracy of Big Business is the giving out of a selection from the letters that it has received in support of its position. We have no doubt that they have poured into the White House in great quantities; but the more numerous they are the less impressive is the lot that has been chosen for publication. Among those contained in the press dispatches, the longest is this:

> From St. Paul, Minn.: "It is quite manifest that the cause of the present hard times is almost wholly due to a united action on the part of large corporations of the country, after deliberate conference, to chastise your Administration. No doubt the corporations have mutually agreed to put on the brakes and slow up business in every way possible. This is the way they have of intimidating the people and the Administration. There should be a law that would imprison such conspirators and confiscate their business."

Does "the White House"—we do not like to say "does President Wilson"—really think such stuff worth putting forward by way of vindication? Does it really believe that "the corporations have mutually agreed" to cripple the country's business? And even if it does, can it possibly imagine that anybody who does not accept that view on the authority of "the White House" will have his disbelief shaken in the slightest by the bald assertion of an unnamed person in St. Paul, unaccompanied by a particle of evidence?

Canards of this kind might be dismissed with a smile if they formed part of the stage thunder to which we are all accustomed in the midst of an electoral campaign. In this country, and doubtless in every country, allowance is made for the extravagances and escapades of campaign oratory and campaign journalism. "British gold," sent here by the Cobden Club to promote free trade, was a regular part of the stage apparatus of the Republican party for a generation, though every man of sense knew that it was a pure figment of the protectionist imagination. It was transferred to the Democratic green-room during the free-silver period, the only difference being that it was the Rothschilds and other money kings who sent the phantom gold over, instead of the Cobden Club. But when the Government itself resorts to the spreading of these wild imaginings, the matter becomes infinitely more serious. Whatever the end which it is designed to serve, the use of such means is vicious. The precedent is easily followed; and the method is just as likely to be resorted to in the promotion of foolish or unjust policies as of wise and just ones. It is intellectually degrading and politically dangerous; and we should be glad to think that we had seen the last of it, at the hands of this Administration at least.

RADICAL IDEAS ABOUT STATE GOVERNMENT.

Lecky, who observed that a growing distrust of representative bodies was one of the main characteristics of the close of the nineteenth century, could have found novel illustrations of it among the American States in the last few years. The older tendency was to deprive Legislatures of some of their powers. The duration and frequency of their meetings was limited; legislative procedure regulated; local and special laws forbidden; the executive and judicial veto broadened; and checks and supplements like the referendum invoked. But the more recent impulse is to alter the whole nature of the Legislature. It is true that the merits of commission and single-chamber plans have not been convincing. They reappear, however, with pertinacity. A bill was introduced last week in Louisiana providing for replacing the lawmakers by

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a body of eight commissioners. In Oregon the measure recently initiated for the abolition of the Senate, leaving an Assembly of sixty, has been endorsed by grangers, labor unions, and civic organizations. Gov. Hunt's proposal of a commission Legislature in Arizona is still fresh in mind. In Kansas, Gov. Hodge's scheme of a continuous Legislature of eight or sixteen members is again brought to notice by a publication sent broadcast from the State Printing Office. It contains ninety pages of argument from newspapers, magazines, and political experts in its favor, and forty pages opposing it.

A study of this pamphlet is instructive. Its arguments for the single-chamber form, which differs little from that now awaiting decision in Oregon, show a uniform source of dissatisfaction. It is essentially a discontent of democracy with itself. The legislative system cannot be run without a deal of trouble; and of this the people are getting impatient. The Baltimore *News* remarks that "the members of Legislatures are in large part elected and controlled by bosses. The lack of scientific and responsive attention to their function is too well known to need assertion. With such a situation, . . . there can be no fundamental objection to electing eight men, as proposed." "We know," states the Columbus *Journal*, "no better policy this State could pursue than to abolish the bicameral Legislature, and put a one-branch body in its place." The St. Paul *Dispatch* believes "there would be less law, and therefore better law. Business system would supplant unorganized effort, and there would be an end to much waste." The Milwaukee *Free Press* finds that "the Governor's strongest argument is based on the increased efficiency of a smaller body. The contests would become more important, and the people would be able to choose better men." All these are sincere opinions; and all are linked together by the recurrent synonyms for "efficiency" and "past incompetency." The fundamental inconsistency is clear. In one breath the reason for change is stated as the benefit of a new form as such. In the next it is given us to understand that the trouble with the old era was the want of public spirit, of a sense of duty animating each legislator.

Belief that anything else than wise action by the people will yield good government is to be combated even when joined with agitation for desirable alterations in form. The merits of the pure commission form of government for States, urged largely on the basis of a false analogy between city and commonwealth, scarcely call for consideration at present. For the plan to abolish State Senates more can be said. Serious reasons on the side of a single chamber can be found in the writings of Bentham, Mill, and Bagehot; there are nations which are legislated for by one chamber; certain of our States have at one time or another tried the plan. The evils of the other system are well known. But, on the whole, the utility and excellence of bicameral government have never been seriously questioned in this country. A single legislative body of sixty in Oregon, moreover, would tend to the same evils as a commission Legislature of sixteen in Kansas. If it held office for any length of time, it would become unrepresentative of the whole people. It would incline to a combination of executive and legislative functions, since, feeling itself the special organ of the popular will, it would gradually subject the executive to control. It might embody order and celerity, but it would go upon the assumption that the people can concentrate responsibility and authority, with merely the check of the newer devices of government. This is a mistake, unless the majority is certain not to use its power tyrannically. The decisions of such a body, finally, would probably be incomplete and hasty. The upper houses in our States have always been the more express image of those judgments of the people which lag temperately behind its emotions; popular clamor is too weakened in force to reach them with commanding appeal. In an ideal state of affairs the two-chamber system might seem transitional; discussion in one broadly representative chamber might conceivably surpass that jealously balanced between two. But the Western States are not yet ideal democracies.

The fundamental objection goes back to the belief that by revolutionizing machinery a millennium can be brought about. If some States need changes, the first and sensible experiments are surely not with the whole form of government, but with the organization and procedure of the present form. There is excellent reason to believe that the present faults of Legislatures are partly the result of the earlier distrust, and the curbing of legislative powers. Some of the innovations, such as the power of the Governor to introduce legislation, greater respect for experts, and a reduction of the size of assemblies, may be salutary. But in general, and in the long run, reform will depend on putting a new breath into the body pclitic, whatever form it have.

UNIVERSITIES IN A DEMOCRACY.

In his address to the Harvard alumni at Cambridge on Thursday, Senator Lodge admirably defined the attitude of a university towards the new ideals, aspirations, and political aims that come forward from time to time. It is essential, he said, that the youth of the land should be put in sympathy with their own time; they must not be recreant to progress, nor oblivious of the evils of their day. The university itself, however, must not think in terms of years or of decades, but of centuries. That is, it must admit to its precincts, for the purposes of study, every movement to better the moral or material status of others, but must then examine it "not merely in the roseate glow of enthusiastic hope, but by the clear, cold light of the past, before she decides that they are fit for the ordeal of the future and will prove a benefit to mankind." It was excellent advice at Harvard, where too often innate conservatism has denied access to reforms until they had demonstrated their value abroad.

But these words are timely elsewhere than in Harvard, because we hear in so many quarters the assertion that the University, if not in politics, should be in the service of the State; that it should be leading all the political movements of the day; it should draft every bill to be submitted to the Legislature, regarding every fad, or fancy, or sound reform of the hour. If mothers' pensions are bruited in one State, it should be the duty of the nearest State university to accept the proposal, with or without adequate consideration, and rush it into law with all possible speed so that the State may duly be labelled progressive. It should not only guide the farmers; it should reach out into every home, answering every question

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put to it by any one, whether by letter or by 'phone. It should be an extension university and an intelligence office combined, with dairy inspectors and instructors in the use of incubators ever on the road, so that the State may have evidence of the University's practical value, of its ability to make two dollars grow where one grew before. But above all else, it should be intolerant of anything except the new; conservatism must be the one unforgivable sin.

Obviously, there is much in this to attract, as the University of Wisconsin has repeatedly shown. But if we accept it as the ideal of the university, we must obviously reject in large measure Senator Lodge's defence of the old-fashioned theory that the chief function of the university is to test the new in the light of the old by the "clear, cold light of the past." There is no longer room for the student and teacher working quietly in their laboratories, not blind to the present, but examining every proposal with scientific detachment and the absence of all heat or partisanship. We must then forget the great teachers of the past who attuned the spirits to which they ministered so that when their pupils went forth they vibrated immediately to the appeal of the hour, being keen with sympathy for the new, but with their sympathy reinforced by sound judgment, and trained by mental and moral discipline to accept what is wise and reject the ephemeral craze of the hour. It would surely be a mighty misfortune were the ideal of a business State university supervising all the activities of the State with a semi-socialistic maternalism to prevail above all others. If we are to have close alliances between State activities and State universities, then more than ever do we need the type of private university, of which Harvard, whatever its weaknesses, is still the preëminent example.

For the danger in the case of State alliances is obvious; how shall the State university face in a difference of opinion with the lawmakers? Just now, the University of Wisconsin is being subjected to an "efficiency" survey, which must make any true scholar feel strongly tempted to hand in his resignation. Subpœnas are even threatened, and a New York researcher is reported to be attending classrooms with a stenographer by his side—doubtless to count the words the professor utters, to measure the attention of his listeners, to put a stop-watch on him, as if he were a bricklayer or a pig-iron handler. When an efficiency test was tried at Harvard last year the whole faculty rose in arms, and the president withdrew the proposal; at Wisconsin they must obey what the State decrees, when it decrees, or get out. To any one who thinks at all, this method of "bringing a university up to date" is destructive of the very best for which it should stand. It is the beginning of an intellectual thraldom likely to stifle any great soul, to reduce a college to the basis of a factory, and to ignore entirely its priceless spiritual values. If our State universities must come to this, Heaven forbid that our privately maintained institutions should cultivate closer relations with the Commonwealths.

BERTHA VON SUTTNER.

With the death of the Baroness von Suttner disappears from view one of the most remarkable personalities of our time, whose influence is, fortunately, destined long to survive her. To her, it may be expected, monuments will be built when the militarism she fought so ardently shall have been abolished on earth. But her great book, "Ground Arms," will always be her truest memorial. Whether the story is authentic or not that a reading of this tract induced the Czar of Russia to call the first Hague Conference we do not know. It is, however, certain that no other brief for peace has won so many converts or exercised so great an influence in all quarters of the globe. Her portrayal of war's horrors opened the eyes of millions to its actual nature, and may be counted one of the great forces which are steadily bringing about the emancipation of the world from wholesale murder.

The author of "Ground Arms" has frequently and not inaptly been compared to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Both volumes exercised an international influence, being translated into many foreign languages and running through countless editions. Mrs. Stowe's famous book is credited by so careful an historian as Mr. Charles Francis Adams with having prevented, together with the Emancipation Proclamation, the recognition of the Confederate States by the British Government—that is, with having saved the Union. Fifty years hence the actual accomplishment of "Ground Arms" may be clearer than to-day. There is, however, one great difference between the two books: Mrs. Stowe wrote her book after having lived amid slave scenes, while the Baroness von Suttner penned her descriptions of the barbarisms of war without having herself come into contact with them—in contrast to Tolstoy's noble "War and Peace," which was founded on numerous personal experiences of bloodshed. During Bertha von Suttner's youth was fought, in her neighborhood, the Austrian war of 1866. It left her cold, as she said in her memoirs: "I'm ashamed to write these words, but this event made no impression on me—none at all." The Franco-Prussian War likewise left her indifferent. It was not until she came under the influence of a single notable personality that her eyes were opened and her soul set on fire by the iniquities of that which is justly termed "the sum of all villanies."

Her chance answering of Alfred Nobel's advertisement for a secretary and housekeeper became the turning point of her life. His greatest wish was to be able to invent an explosive or machine so terrible as to end all war, and it was from him that she learned to hate militarism with all her ardent and powerful nature. Years afterwards the great peace prize which her former employer founded came to her as a fitting reward for her own achievements, for her ability to visualize the carnage and waste of war so movingly that the bulk of her readers, probably, still think that it was of her own sorrow and widowhood that she wrote so vividly. The prize was the more welcome since it found her in great need. Indeed, she was compelled to the last to labor for her means of sustenance. She gave generously to the great cause, and she suffered much for it. The hatred of the militarists for her knew few bounds, particularly in her own country. When she was last in the United States, at the beginning of the Balkan troubles, her mail was full of exulting and abusive letters and postcards from officers and men of the Austrian army, exulting in what they considered the certain approach of war and reviling her as though her aim in life were the lower-

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ing instead of the raising of humanity. Fortunately for her and her nation's happiness, Austria escaped the horrors of the conflict only to pay heavily economically for the waste of lives and property and the destruction of trade in the near-by states.

Bertha von Suttner was no genius; there was within her no innate, overwhelming desire to express herself and her views on what became to her the be-all and end-all of her life. It was rather her iron will and determination to stir the world which we must admire. Without means, or reputation as a writer, speaking without authority or personal experience, she yet found her way to people's hearts. It is all a remarkable example of what single-minded, unselfish devotion to a great cause can accomplish. Naturally, the Baroness quickly lost interest in mere nationalism and came to realize internationalism as the true aim of an enlightened age. It was the sense of the relationship of nations which made her say in what was probably her last personal letter to friends in this country:

> What a comfort it is to my soul to see how widely and how bravely Americans are protesting against war, even if it is already begun. I do hope that the mediation of the South American republics will ward off the danger of a regular war between the States and Mexico. For the pacifists of Europe it would be a dreadful blow if the leaders of the New World should fall into the crimes and errors of the Old.

OUT OF THE MAIN CURRENT.

By eight o'clock of a June morning the first scattering detachments of infantry in rompers and pinafores are debouching on the park benches and the lawns, under the convoy of clean-shaven old men with newspapers. Early morning in the open air is the time of the very young and their grandparents; while the middle ages are still imperfectly awake over the breakfast table. Old men and babies rise early and refuse to dawdle in bed; the old presumably because they have so little time ahead of them, and are bound to utilize every minute of existence, the babies because countless tasks clamor for attention—new business, and the business that remained unfinished the night before when they began nodding in their mothers' laps. The trees and lawns, being at the same time very old and very young in June, are early risers themselves. They have their freshest greetings for first comers, like the thrifty tradesman to his early customers before the midday rush has warped his temper and made his smile perfunctory. This year the trees and grass in the park are of a rare green, owing no doubt to the same heavy snows which have made bumper crops in the West. The trees arch over the asphalt walks and sweep the benches, making cool bowers under which the old read their newspapers at peace. The thin traffic of the breakfast hour makes it unnecessary to keep a wary eye on the rompered and pinafored pioneers.

By ten o'clock the veterans on the benches have done with their newspapers and disappeared. In their place are the mothers and the nursemaids. There is much adult conversation. There is a good deal of domestic industry. The old housewifely virtues are far from vanished. Darning and stitching are in full swing, both utilitarian and educational. Little girls work on very small pieces of fabric with huge needles under careful superintendence; before long there will be very little left of the original fabric, but the purposes of vocational training—a system antedating Froebel and Montessori by several thousand years—will have been fulfilled. By ten o'clock, after two hours of close application to tin pails and rubber balls, the nursing bottle comes into play—somewhat unhygienically, one must confess, but with apparent satisfaction in the two parties immediately concerned. Students of the rudiments of walking steer diagonal and wavering courses across the convenient asphalt. They tack and reach and beat to windward, and occasionally collide with their elders. They are a menace to adult navigation, but not so dangerous as the little girls in charge of doll carriages, which every little while refuse to answer to the helm and roll between the legs of pedestrians, presenting difficult problems in balance. It is essential to safe walking in the park that one keep constant watch on one's feet, for there are the doll carriages and there are the toddlers who suddenly embrace the knees of total strangers and claim intimate relationship with them.

Close attention to the park benches fails to reveal that native animosity between parents and children which Bernard Shaw has recently discovered. It does reveal a wide difference of opinion as to use of the park soil and the water spouting from the hydrant. The chemistry of the ancients is sounder than our own science when applied to the young. The human heart will never respond to oxygen and hydrogen and carbons and phosphates as it does to earth and water and air and fire. Earth and water are the basic elements of childhood. Mixed in a tin pail, they lend themselves to an extraordinary variety of uses. They may be consumed surreptitiously and in small quantities as food. Applied to aprons and socks, they lend themselves to original effects in textile ornamentation. Worked into the face and other exposed parts of the body, they reproduce the war-ornamentation of primitive civilization. By three in the afternoon, say, the aspect of primitive warfare is unescapable. At this hour the native hue of childhood is thickly overlaid with a veneer of dust cut into infinite patterns by sprayings from the pump. By applying one's fingers to the nozzle one may obtain an effect like the fountains at Versailles. The smaller children cry under the deluge and immediately come back for more.

At six o'clock in the afternoon the shadows are falling on a host fast getting ready for bed. Weariness of the body has been setting in and tempers are beginning to chafe. Babies are crying under unjust punishment administered by substitute mothers twelve years old and under. There is a noticeable relaxation in the zest of games. Tin pails are kicked over in a fret. Rubber balls that roll under the benches are no longer pursued with animation, but must be retrieved by nurses or kindly disposed strangers. The militant cries from beneath copses and under rocks, where flying detachments of small boys have been scurrying about in pursuit of the familiar and ever fresh mysteries that lie hidden there, grow fainter. Straggling lines of baby-cart cavalry wind up the hill towards home, and weary-footed infantry drags its painful way at the end of a taut, impatient nurse's arm. Old men appear on the benches with afternoon papers. It is an army in retreat.

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Foreign Correspondence

SUBMARINES VERSUS DREADNOUGHTS — SIR PERCY SCOTT'S LETTER TO THE *TIMES* — SMALL HOPE FOR THE NAVAL ECONOMIST.

LONDON, June 15.

The doctrines of the "Suicide Club," as the Conservative press dubs the opponents of a big navy, have found support from an unexpected quarter. Admiral Sir Percy Scott, having been asked whether England should build small battleships or large, replies that she should not be building either. Sir Percy is one of the greatest living authorities on the use of heavy guns, and this latest broadside of his has caused scarcely less sensation than the artillery he handled so effectively at Ladysmith. He has endorsed with his name the startling thesis that the men-of-war on which we are so lavishly spending millions are in these days of scarcely any value, either for defence or for offence.

His position is, in brief, that in future wars no battleship will dare to come within sight of a coast protected by submarines. These craft will make impossible the bombardment or blockading of harbors and the landing of a party in an enemy's country. For fear of them no fleet will even put to sea. Sir Percy's picture of the next naval war shows us aeroplanes above and submarines below, operating jointly to expose all battleships within reach to certain destruction. These expensive monsters will be able neither to remain safely in harbor nor to come safely out of harbor. So that the two-to-one standard of which we have been hearing so much means simply that the stronger Power will have two dreadnoughts lying at the bottom of the sea for every one of the weaker.

Criticism of Sir Percy Scott's heresy has taken the form of emphasizing the limitations of the three chief factors of the new warfare; namely, torpedoes, submarines, and aeroplanes. Torpedoes, it is argued, are not weapons of sufficiently great range and precision to be depended on. In the Russo-Japanese War, says Lord Sydenham—better known, perhaps, as the Sir George Sydenham Clarke who has had so much to do with the problems of imperial defence—the results fell far short of reasonable expectation. On the other hand, Arnold White maintains that the damage done to the Russian fleet by torpedoes on the first night of war turned the scale.

Still more attention has been paid in the discussion to the deficiencies of the submarine herself. A strong point has been made of the fact that hitherto her value has never been brought to the test of actual warfare. Peace manœuvres do not supply material for a sound judgment. For example, they do not allow a battleship to get rid of a hostile submarine by running her down. The speed of the submarine, again, is described as a comparative crawl when matched against that of the fast steaming warship. Her maximum speed, when submerged, is only about ten knots, which has to be compared with the twenty-two knots of the battleship, the twenty-eight knots of the cruiser, and the thirty knots of the light-armored cruiser.

As against these damaging figures, Arnold White argues that a long swift cruiser with a large turning circle cannot successfully chase a submarine with a small turning circle. The submarine would turn round and torpedo the cruiser, as a hare gains on the turn when chased by a greyhound.

Further, the submarine can operate by daylight only. It must come to the surface often, and when it does come to the surface it is visible for miles. On the surface it is highly vulnerable to the lightest of guns. Both above and below water it can be sunk by the merest touch of the ship that rams it. Its only weapon is useless for defence. Its view is so restricted that it has gained nothing from the increased distance that the improved torpedo can run. On the high seas submarines will require to be convoyed by parent ships, which, on Sir Percy Scott's own hypothesis, will disappear. Sir Percy also contemplates their frequent need of being hauled up on the land. But when beached anywhere except in their own country, they will need an attendant army to protect them. In short, the submarine, as David Hannay puts it, will go to war attended, nursed, preceded, propped, and coddled

Keen controversy has been aroused by a passage in Sir Percy's letter in which he says that, with a flotilla of submarines commanded by dashing young officers, he would undertake to get through any boom into any harbor, and sink or materially damage all the ships in that harbor. An anonymous naval officer asserts, on the other side, that no submarine has yet attacked a boom with success. Destroyers have done so, not by breaking up the boom, but by "jumping" it, and in such cases have themselves been of little service afterwards, owing to the damage sustained. A new explosive boom that has been tried with great success in several Continental countries may be relied upon to defeat the attacks even of destroyers. Another authority adds that a boom is not the only method of defending a harbor from attack, and that in most harbors the draught of water is less than six or seven fathoms, the minimum which will allow a small submarine to manœuvre when submerged.

The aeroplane, according to Sir Percy Scott's theory, is to be the eye of the submarine. It is to watch aloft and signal the position of the battleships that are to be attacked. "Well," comments David Hannay, "within the last few days the most skilful of all airmen has vanished from sight to a death we can only guess at, in the course of a very short flight. Two seaplanes sent to look for him have come to grief in circumstances of no particular difficulty. A fourth has plunged to destruction, carrying two lives with her. These are not the kind of craft able to watch long and take all weathers confidently." And the aeroplane, as some one else has pointed out, must have a surface ship—*ex hypothesi* certain to be destroyed by the enemy's submarines—close at hand if it is to be employed far from land. Even if these flying craft were perfectly efficient and manageable, they might prove to be as much the enemy as the friend of the submarine. While the aeroplane can never be developed to the point of finding data for the actual aiming of the submarine's torpedo, its ability to detect the submarine's presence from the sky is a proved fact.

The longer the newspaper debate continues, the more confident become the disputants and the more varied their conclusions. This is emphatically a case in which the doctors disagree. And the plain landsman, who pays the bill, has reason to doubt whether the prospect of a reduction in the naval estimates is as near fulfilment as seemed likely on a cursory reading of Sir Percy Scott's letter in the *Times*. Sir Percy himself demanded, in place of battleships, "an enormous fleet of submarines, airships, and aeroplanes," and it must be remembered that not very many submarines can be built for the cost of a dreadnought. The opportunity is already being seized by a section of the press to work up a new variety of naval "scare." Sir Percy Scott's theory, it is argued, may possibly be a sound one. Whether it is valid or not we shall never know until it is tested by actual warfare. In case it should prove to be correct, it is highly important that we should be prepared by means of the "enormous fleet" of submarines and airships that he asks for. At the same time, it might be fatal to put all our eggs into one basket. Suppose Sir Percy Scott should turn out to be mistaken. In that case, the abandonment of our dreadnought policy would involve the destruction of our national existence. To be properly safeguarded in either event, the obvious course is to provide ourselves with the craft Sir Percy wants, not instead of, but in addition to, the dreadnoughts that are put down in the orthodox naval programme.

So that the net result of Sir Percy Scott's intervention may be to leave the naval economist in worse case than he was before.

H W H.

THE COOKS OF PARIS—THE SUCCULENT "ANDOUILLETTE"—A BANQUET OF EPICURES.

PARIS, June 6.

—Truly, I always declared 'twould be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city;
As to Marshals and Statesmen and all their whole lineage,
For aught that I care, you may knock them to spinage;
But think, Dick, their cooks—what a loss to mankind!
What a void in the world would their art leave behind!

This was a hundred years ago, when the fear of Napoleon was vanishing and the young Briton was free once more to cross the Channel to acquire a French varnish:

An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
And goes now to Paris to study French dishes.

Bismarck had the universal idea, writing to his wife from Paris, where he accompanied his master, the King of Prussia, to the Exposition of 1867; and he seems to have been painfully surprised

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when Paris, three years later, stoically starved herself for four months against his besieging armies. Strangers now complain at times that they have difficulty in finding the genuine French cookery which excited the enthusiasm of their fathers. Still, it exists, just as Americans, if they know how to seek, can find their catbird still singing his tune and their fireflies in the corn still making night amazing.

The things that truly last when men and times have passed,
They are all in Pennsylvania this morning!

Good cooking lasts in France, and you may find it, if you know how to seek. A note has been passed me that a dozen Britons are again coming over to taste authentic products of the French cook's art. To make sure of its genuineness, they are directing their troops now to this province and now to that, according to the home of the particular viand on which they have fixed their hearts. And they begin with the "andouillette" of Troyes.

This particular sausage can be found for sale every year in Paris itself, in the week before Easter, at the century-old Ham Fair—near where Americans go for Memorial Day ceremonies at Lafayette's tomb. I have never counted the number of pork products sold there, but I should not wonder if they were as many as M. de la Reynière assured the English there were ways of dishing up eggs in France—"685, not counting those imagined by our savants daily." The difficulty in Paris would be to get your andouillette cooker, for not every one has the exact French cook it needs at his beck and call.

The great Paris hotels have become cosmopolitan and standardized, and little is to be hoped from them; and, except for universally known French dishes, the same is to be said of the great restaurants. In out-of-the-way streets, there are provincial hotels and eating places, sometimes at a common wineshop, furnishing its customers with the "dish of the day," where the proprietor, man or woman, puts his skilled hand to the making of home cookery. Of late, at a clean, popular restaurant of Montmartre, with unpainted floor and low ceiling, automobiles may be seen drawn up before the door at the lunch hour. A swell from Maxim's found out—and passed the word around—that there was good provincial cooking there; and so the idle ones of the great world sit at meat over against the little people of shop clerks and artisans of the neighborhood. An American millionaire has informed me that he is healing his stomach by lunching in a cheap wineshop, where the proprietor's wife cooks for half a dozen persons.

French Parisians who were not born in Paris—they are perhaps more than half the population—also have their home-eating resorts. You can have bona-fide bouillabaisse that would have suited Thackeray in a Marseilles restaurant close to the Opéra Comique. Thackeray himself ate it in Paris at a little café which keeps his portrait to attract art students from England and America. Then the leaders of the more patriotic provincials of Paris have their monthly home lunches with an appropriate association name—the "apple" of Normandy and the "garlic cream" of Provence, and so for the rest. But these are close circles for native comrades only.

So the English dozen do well to go to Troyes itself, one hundred miles from Paris, to eat their andouillette. There, after Agincourt, the beaten French King, Charles VI, signed away his kingdom to English Henry V, who at once married Princess Katharine of France—all in the church of Saint Jean. In my own visits to that capital of ancient Champagne—it is not in the modern wine district—I have paid most attention to such churches and timber houses of a mediæval past, and to the new Socialist agitation, of which Troyes factories are a nourishing centre. And then,

I cannot eat but little meat—
My stomach is not good—

that is, not quite equal to the fat, long, slender, round, and browned andouillette as it comes piping hot to table on a bed of mashed potato or cabbage or even rice or fried with eggs, and, I doubt not, dished up in "685 ways, not counting those imagined by our savants daily." And yet this intensive culture of food and stomachs should be heartily reverenced, because of the close union of soul and body. I am sure the workmen's local revolutions would be far worse if it were not for their occasional andouillettes. By the way, these are made of pork tripe, hashed fine with spices and stuffed into a casing of the same.

It must not be thought that so patriotic and wide-awake a people as the French intend to suffer any decay in their national art, simply because their city hotels make their money from foreigners, who do not know the difference between real, sincere, genuine meat and fish and game and eggs and the imitations from cold storage. Forty friends, some with titles and some playwrights, and Santos Dumont and an ex-Prime Minister have recently had a luncheon of six dishes by as many master cooks of the most careful houses of France. I will not tell the ten Bordeaux and Burgundy wines which brought all safely to the end—except to assure uncontrollable Americans that, in France, he who loves alcohol is never thought a true lover of good wines.

The "hors-d'œuvres," to begin, were works of art: iced melon dashed with Armagnac brandy; pink shrimp salad with asparagus points, and feuillantine pastry of carp milt. The fish was cold salmon trout. Next came a "baron" of Pauillac mutton, "à la Parisienne," that is, with tender lettuce, new peas, and potatoes melting in the mouth. There were Charolais beef "cassolettes" by one master cook, and artichoke hearts by another—succulent and leading to the "Norman hole," which is made in the mass so far ingested by the quaffing of a little glass of cider or grape or plum brandy. This left room for crushed duck and the pastry called the "King's pave," and a salad of mixed celery and truffles. Chevalier Fata had still strength to explain to the master cooks their "high lineage," going back to Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven for the cooking of mortals' food

S. D.

Polo

II.

"AND THE RIGOUR OF THE GAME."

Price Collier shrewdly observed that the peoples of India are a riding and a sitting race; certainly, in the north and northwest, the absence of caste makes for homogeneity, and there a democracy of the horse may be said to exist. While the prodigal expenditure of native princes and "crack" British cavalry regiments has largely influenced the quality of the polo mount, yet nowhere is found a more heterogeneous pony. Gifted with pace, since he is often bought as a "chaser," smaller in bone and not so steady in a "hustling" game as his big western rival, in India every sort of country-bred animal, including the imported Walers, Arabs, Barbs, and Syrians, is played from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin and beyond.

That romance may flicker about ponies of uncertain pedigree has always been part of the charm of polo, especially in the early days when pace and weight did not wholly depend on money. The "Maltese Cat" was one of these "discoveries."

"Let's see," said a soft, gold-colored Arab, who had been playing very badly the day before, to the Maltese Cat; "didn't we meet in Abdul Rahman's stable in Bombay, four seasons ago? I won the Paikpattan cup next season, you may remember?"

"Not me," said the Maltese Cat, politely. "I was at Malta then, pulling a vegetable-cart. I don't race. I play the game!"

The prototype of Kipling's "flea-bitten grey, with a neat polo tail," I identify as the famous "Awfully Jolly," whose romantic story is recorded by that first polo reporter, Moray Brown. "Awfully Jolly" was a Barb colt, captured in a raid in the interior and brought to Tunis bazaar along with the captive women. From the spoiled came a desperate message, begging the raiders to keep the women, but return the colt! This estimate of his value does not seem to have clung to the pony, for he was shipped to Gibraltar and, after unknown vicissitudes, was still young when discovered by Lord Harrington in 1877, drawing a cabbage-cart in Malta. "Awfully Jolly" soon became a famous player, and not only sired many well-known ponies, but also a line of hunters famous in the shires.

It is a far cry from that eventful first match in England between two cavalry teams in 1871, where hockey sticks and a billiard ball helped to make history, or from the first American game five years later. But the history of modern polo may be said really to date from the international matches, where the finest players of two nations have

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created and developed a game that will influence play throughout the polo world. During the past two years polo has undergone striking changes, and it is significant to note that with the new polo each side has a victory to its credit. Time was when the tactics were of the conventional order modelled by the pioneers of the 'eighties, and relying for success on the integrity of "position-play," which was rigidly defined. Apart from too great a fidelity to the early canons, the "off-side" rule, that harassed both players and umpires, was responsible for a slow, sticky game.

Warfare has been waged over this rule, and it remained for Americans to prove that its rejection is a gain from all points of view. It was inevitable that the new open, fast, and spectacular game should result in the releasing of No. 1 and back. Now that the British, its chief exponents, have won the last International by adopting the aggressive American tactics, we may hope to find "off-side" become obsolescent across the water and in India. In its favor an important point was worthily maintained. Calling, as the new game does, for a larger string of ponies to stand the strain of the increased pace, the abolishment of "off-side" hindered democratic polo. To meet this criticism, however, the ingenious American system of a goal-handicap for veterans still keeps the game within reach of beginners and less-favored enthusiasts.

International matches show "the rigour of the game" at its apogee. Contrasts in play, horsemanship, and tactics, instead of being invidious, are rewarding. If the cavalry-and-hunting seat of the British gives them greater command over the ball in long, sweeping strokes, the cow-puncher seat of the American makes possible the sharp, quick stroke necessary in a scrimmage and in riding-off. The high-power rifle and machine gun have rendered shock-tactics obsolete for cavalry; in polo shock-tactics have made accuracy uncertain. On the whole, the new galloping game calls for a solid defence by the backs, hard-riding by the forwards, and greater skill in hitting all around. In tactics, the game as created by the American "Big Four" tends to borrow from football, in which the old "flying-wedge" formation was resuscitated with great success last year. Also, from modern football and the ancient Persian game of polo, dribbling and passing in close-combination will be adopted despite the tremendous pace. These points, however, only tend to perfect the scientific aspect of polo for players, ponies, and spectators. But the "rigour of the game" will never be lost if the old polo motto, "Each to his man, and the ball in the centre of the field," continues to be observed.

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

Russian Fiction

RECENT TENDENCIES OF THE YOUNGER WRITERS—THE PREDOMINANCE OF REALISM—PEASANT LIFE.

While such well-known "noisy modernists" as Maxim Gorky and Leonid Andreeff have not kept the Russian literary pot boiling very briskly in recent years, their younger contemporaries have by no means ceased making literary history in Russia. Much significant work has been done in Russian fiction since the decline of the erstwhile spell-binders, by such men as Ivan Shmeleff, Boris Ropshin, Sergeeff-Tsensky, A. P. Chapygin, Ivan Bunin, Andray Bialy, Ivan Volnoff, Boris Zaitseff, A. Serafimovitch, and Fiodor Sologub. All of these evince a commendable disregard for sensational methods and are following accepted literary standards. In reviewing their work, most of which is still unknown outside of Russia, it will be well to take account, with one exception, only of the longer fiction published during last year.

Sergeeff-Tsensky, the author of "Beauty," has already acquired a reputation as a great realist, an optimist, and a sincere artist. This novel, which is still to be completed, and a sixth volume of short stories also published during the year, more than sustain their author's high reputation. His latest work shows an almost Chekhovian reserve and aloofness, and is wholly free from his former dogmatic interpretation of life. It is quite natural, therefore, that Russian critics should be following the rapid evolution of this new writer with keen interest. If there really is to be a "new literature" in the land of the Czar, Sergeeff-Tsensky is undoubtedly destined to be one of its chief makers.

Equally important and enjoying a greater popular success was Ropshin's "That Which Was Not," a sort of "News from Nowhere," though not so utopian as William Morris's work. This curious novel has a revolutionary theme, while the style and spirit are very suggestive of Tolstoy. The author, moreover, frankly adopts Tolstoy's historical philosophy. On account of these resemblances he has been persistently charged with plagiarizing "War and Peace." "That Which Was Not," however, has sufficient merits of its own to account for much of its extraordinary popularity. The book has a revolutionary theme, while its entire tone is really an argument against revolutions and revolutionists, for the author shows up—sympathetically, to be sure—the utter uselessness of both. Hence, along with his faithful portraiture of the revolutionists, there is an anti-revolutionary skepticism, borrowed, obviously, from Tolstoy's pessimistic philosophy of man's place in history. He evidently accepts, too, Tolstoy's theory of non-resistance, for his hero (Andray Bolotoff) harps continually on the "Thou shalt not kill" commandment. Speaking as a revolutionist of the ethics of violence, he reasons thus:

> We are shot, hanged, and exterminated; hence we hang, strangle, and burn our persecutors. But why am I a hero when I kill an officer, while he is a villain and scoundrel for hanging me? It's one of two things—either it is always right to kill, or else killing is never justifiable.

After choosing the latter alternative because, if the injunction "Thou shalt not kill" were not a universal ethical precept, everything were allowable, he concludes:

> But when violating this principle we should not argue that it [killing] is right or proper or justifiable. No; we should make bold to say that it is bad, cruel, and horrible, but inevitable.

As these two Tolstoyan views—the deterministic view of man's place in history and the view that taking human life is murder under any circumstances—receive special emphasis in "That Which Was Not" and give it its moral and philosophic atmosphere, there can be little wonder that the charge of plagiarism should have been preferred against its author. But whether this be justified or not, the book was beyond doubt, if the amount of discussion it provoked may be taken as a criterion, the most successful novel of the year. Since its author is one of the younger Russian writers—and especially since this is but his second effort in longer fiction—he, too, may be regarded as a man of promise in contemporary Russian literature.

A far less sensational, and perhaps also a less significant, novel was Chapygin's "The White Hermitage," which deals with peasant life (a subject frequently treated in current Russian fiction) in the "silent north." The writer, being himself a man born and bred in the ranks of labor, brings to his task a special insight and sympathy possible only to one who has lived the life he depicts. The result is a vivid picture of a region but little understood. The remote people of the somewhat primitive north, with their peculiar habits and speech, are so well described that one wonders where life ends and art begins.

The old customs are rapidly going, and no bearers of any new gospel are in sight; nature is being everywhere denuded of its resources, and the curse of drink is over the land; poverty and discontent reign supreme. Such is the sad picture Chapygin draws of the passing of primitive life in the silent north. But there is one man who still fights for the old order. This is a wild

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woodsman of herculean strength—Krem by name—who loves the trees and the animals, and tries to hinder the destruction of both. For this he incurs the bitter enmity of the village exploiters, with a certain one-eyed Vorona at their head. As Krem has a younger brother, also a physical giant, effective resistance to these undesirable citizens might be still possible. But Krem's brother, seduced by drink, has been bribed by Vorona to crush Krem himself, the deadly enemy of all who seek to ruin the villagers and devastate the village. The fratricidal strife that ensues—a war between two Titans—constitutes the main theme of this somewhat epical narrative. Its allegory is obvious. Chapygin's characters are so lifelike, so human, that even morbid introspectionists like Andreeff would do well to study them—especially the great woodsman, who says: "I try the despoilers of the woods in my own court; for this hath God given me strength."

A somewhat similar theme has inspired Serafimovitch's "The City of the Steppe." Here we have a broad view of the silent and wild steppe, just being invaded by settlers. A little smoke rising from afar gives the first evidence of the inroads of civilization. Looking more closely, one sees here and there a log cabin. These soon grow in clusters into a primitive village. When the saloon appears—and it precedes the church in this community—it becomes the social centre, with its owner (Zakharka) as the "guiding spirit." This saloonkeeper, who subsequently comes to own or control most of the industries of the new settlement, is perhaps the most original character in the book. To his egotism it seems that people make roads, build houses, work in field and workshop, buy and sell, are born and die, all for his sake. Even thieves exercise their cunning for his benefit, since the proceeds of theft invariably reach his saloon. Other characters, too—pilgrims, laborers, traders, and counterfeiters—are faithfully delineated.

Like Chekoff, whom he successfully emulates, Serafimovitch delights to draw attention to "life's little ironies," those numerous commonplaces of existence which ordinarily pass unnoticed. Like Chekoff, too, he uses a Russian pure and undefiled—something very refreshing after the linguistic distortions and contortions of the Gorky-Andreeff school. Owing largely to his unsensational manner and method of writing, however, the author of "The City of the Steppe" does not yet attract the attention that his work merits.

The first volume of long fiction from Boris Zaitseff, "The Remote Region," also published during the year, further accentuates the prevailing realistic tendency in Russian literature. This work, though perhaps not strictly a novel, has several features of unusual interest. It deals with the revolutionary years of 1904-1906 and brings out the pitiful smallness of the characters that figured in those big days. Zaitseff's latest book is the more significant as coming from a writer known hitherto chiefly by his impressionistic sketches and short stories. A somewhat similar interest attaches to the two-volume novel by Fiodor Sologub, entitled "Sweeter Than Poison," in which the writer, perhaps the greatest living Russian poet, makes his début as a novelist—albeit none too successfully. Bialy's "St. Petersburg," not quite completed during the year, also has a revolutionary theme. Bialy has long figured in contemporary fiction, but this latest effort is generally taken to mark a promising new departure.

Though not a novel, but a play, Artsybasheff's "Jealousy" should also be mentioned, because its author belongs to the group of contemporary Russian writers whose most recent works we have been considering and because, moreover, it has scored an unprecedented popular success. Other plays were published during the year (A. N. Tolstoy's "The Aggressors," Alexander Bloch's "The Rose and the Cross," and Andreeff's "Professor Storitsin," for instance), but none of them have attracted such attention or provoked so much discussion as Artsybasheff's "Jealousy," which has already been staged both in Russia and abroad. In this play the author of the sensational novel, "Sanin," displays most of his former faults—his puerile pessimism, his vulgar unsentimentalism, and his irrational rationalism. Even structurally the play is far from satisfactory, being very suggestive of motion-picture art. Nevertheless, Artsybasheff's first dramatic effort has sufficient vigor and vitality to fall in with the new tendencies typical of contemporary Russian literature.

Naturally, the better-known Russian writers—such as Korolenko, Kuprin, Chirikoff, Gorky, and Andreeff—have not been idle during the year, while the authors already considered have done much other work than that which has been mentioned. But in both cases the output consisted almost exclusively of short stories, which, meritorious as many of them were, cannot be enumerated here without converting this review into a periodical index. Hence I make no mention of the recent work of Shmeleff and Bunin, two of the foremost representatives of contemporary Russian literature, who have not published any long fiction recently; nor of Ivan Volnoff, whose "Peasant's Chronicle" deals with a theme similar to that of Chapygin's "White Hermitage."

In conclusion, it may be interesting to note what the leading writers of the older generation are doing. Gorky, who has already published the first chapters of his autobiography, has lately shown a tendency to embark upon the troubled waters of literary and philosophical criticism—a task for which he seems ill-fitted. His recent short stories, however, show occasional sparks of his old fire, which may yet be fanned to its former glow. Andreeff's case is not so hopeful, however. His latest work is as full of mysticism, symbolism, and pessimism as anything that has come from his morbid pen. On the other hand, Korolenko, the venerable dean of contemporary Russian writers, whose sixtieth anniversary was recently celebrated with genuine enthusiasm all over Russia, continues to uphold the high standards of a passing literary age of which he himself is perhaps the noblest representative.

DAVID A. MODELL.

Books and Men

THE TRIALS OF LIBRARIANS.

Mr. Henry T. Coutts, who is branch librarian at Islington, has published (through Grafton & Co.) a little volume called "Library Jokes and Jottings." The English librarian, it would appear from the book, has no easier task than his American brother. Indeed, when "constabulary duty's to be done" it seems that he has an even harder time of it. Certain passages in Mr. Coutts's book make it appear that disorderly persons in what the author terms the "(S)Newsroom" call upon him sometimes to act as "chucker-out." This part of a librarian's duties is by no means unknown in America, though there are some happy libraries where it is never needed, and where the custodians, in consequence, think the subject too indelicate to mention.

The Islington librarian tells many library stories, old and new, English and American, funny and moderately funny. One of the best of the things in his book is the satirical comments of two tramps upon librarians and their ways. It is too long to quote, but it is summed up in another remark of "the man in the street." Speaking of the "lib'arian," he tolerantly says: "He's a decent sort o' chap, eddicated and all that, but 'e's got a easy crib, mates, reg'lar wages and no worry."

What American librarian does not know the "bibliographical treasure crank" whom Mr. Coutts describes? "He has discovered an old book in the penny box of a second-hand bookseller, and he brings it to the librarian for valuation. He is surrounded by an air of mystery as he approaches the librarian, and carefully draws forth, from a ca-

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pacious pocket, a very dilapidated volume. Usually the book, judged from a bibliographical or literary aspect, is worth about what he gave for it—sometimes less. The librarian tries to break the truth gently, but it is a dismal failure. 'Look at the date,' he will say triumphantly, '1785.' The librarian explains that an old book is not valuable necessarily; that it needs some special bibliographical characteristic to give it a market value. 'But look,' he continues, 'the s is printed like f.' At last the librarian gives it up in despair, and, if humorously inclined, refers the treasure-hunter to a fellow-librarian or bibliophile."

It may be added that the situation is always troublesome for the librarian. If he is asked to set a price on the book, and gives a truthful reply, he is instantly suspected of trying to run down its value, buy it in at a song, and afterwards sell it at a fabulous profit. Sometimes the owner of the book does not desire to sell. He or she is a nice old gentleman or lady who exhibits the book as a treat. The librarian can then take his choice between the rôle of a brute or that of a liar. He can tell the bitter truth or he can hypocritically pretend admiration and envy.

The publication of library jests raises a difference of opinion among librarians. Some of the jokes in Mr. Coutts's book, it is true, are on the librarians, but most of them are at the expense of the readers. Of the librarians who are inclined to deprecate such publications there are three classes. The first of these look upon their work very seriously—almost with an attitude of religious respect. They are few in number, and are diminishing amid the laughter of their colleagues. The second class consists of those who fear that the readers whose oddities and blunders are recorded will take offence and boycott the library. As there has not yet been a case reported of any single reader being offended in this fashion, the danger seems theoretical rather than real. In the third class are those who become rather exasperated, after a year of hard work to make the library useful and pleasant, to find that the only thing which impressed itself upon the newspapers is that some reader made a ridiculous blunder in asking for a book.

This frame of mind is easy to understand. It is that of the public speaker who finds that the reporters have neglected all his serious remarks in order to elaborate upon one anecdote. It is that of the university professor who is naturally irritated, after years of honest scholarship, to find himself derided from one end of the land to the other for some chance remark—misquoted, perhaps, and distorted out of all relation with the truth.

For a second edition of "Library Jokes and Jottings," let this be recorded. It may not be historically true throughout, but the main facts are correct.

A Swedish woman presented herself at the desk of a public library, and remarked: "I wants to see Yon."

"Yon?" queried the attendant.

"Yes, I wants to see Yon."

"What do you suppose she means?" whispered the mystified librarian to another assistant.

"She means 'John,'" said the other. "It's the janitor—he's down in the furnace-room. Send one of the pages."

The page was dispatched, and presently up came John, coal-dusty, perspiring, but polite. He was presented to the woman, and offered his hand to shake. She declined it in some indignation, and matters seemed at a standstill. Finally she led one of the assistants to the catalogue. She pointed dramatically to one of the cards. On it was neatly typewritten:

Marlitt, E., *pseud. See* John, Eugenie.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

THE DATE OF DRYDEN'S APPOINTMENT AS POET-LAUREATE.

A curious inaccuracy has prevailed ever since the time of Malone, in regard to the date of Dryden's appointment as poet-laureate.

Early biographers of Dryden (among them Dr. Johnson) had apparently taken it for granted that the laureateship was conferred upon Dryden immediately upon the death of Davenant, and had, therefore, given 1668 as the date of the appointment. Malone, however, makes the following statement: "All the biographers of Dryden have said that on the death of Davenant in 1668 he was appointed poet-laureate. But it appears from the Letters Patent, a copy of which will be found in the Appendix, that he did not obtain the laurel till August 18, 1670" (Dryden, Works, ed. Malone, London, 1800, Vol. I, p. 87). Accordingly, Malone prints in the Appendix an official document of the above date, appointing "the said John Dryden our Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal." Malone adds, apropos of the conferring of the degree of M.A. upon the poet: "Sir William Davenant died in April, 1668, about two months before Dryden received this degree. It would seem that he sought the literary decoration, *honoris causa*, to add somewhat to his pretensions, while he was soliciting to be appointed Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal; though he did not obtain those offices till two years afterwards" (Vol. I, p. 556).

Scott took Malone's word for it, closely paraphrased Malone's statement, and reprinted the official document. Austin and Ralph ("Lives of the Poet-Laureates," London, 1853, p. 158), repeat the blunder: "When James Howell died, the office of Royal Historiographer became vacant, and it had not been filled up. It was now conferred upon Dryden, together with the Laureateship, which had not been bestowed since the death of Davenant. Dryden was appointed on the 18th of August, 1670." W. Hamilton ("The Poet Laureates of England," London, 1879, p. 90) also preserves the tradition.

When Saintsbury edited Scott's Dryden, he just missed getting the facts. He annotates Scott's statement: "This is the correct date of the patent. There is, however, in the Record Office an instruction for the preparation of a bill for the purpose, dated April 13." As the patent is dated 18th of August, 1670, and as Saintsbury gives the day and month but not the year of the "Instruction," the implication is, of course, that the "Instruction" immediately preceded the patent, in the same year.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his article on Dryden in the Dictionary of National Biography (Vol. XVI, p. 66), is the next to fall heir to the story: "In 1670 [Dryden] had the more solid appointments of poet-laureate and historiographer. . . . Davenant, who died in 1668, was his predecessor in the first, and James Howell, who died in 1666, in the last appointment. The office was now joined in one patent, with a salary of 200 l. a year and a butt of canary wine. Dryden was also to have the two years' arrears since Davenant's death."

Finally, Professor Noyes condenses the language, but accepts without question the information of his predecessors: "In August, 1670, [Dryden] received the posts of Poet Laureate (vacant since the death of Davenant in 1668) and Historiographer Royal (vacant since the death of Howell in 1666)." ("The Poetical Works of John Dryden," Boston, 1908, p. xxi.)

It might well have aroused the wonder of Malone and his successors that a lapse of two years should occur between the death of Davenant and the appointment of Dryden to the office. Dryden possessed a considerable degree of political influence; he was at the zenith of his poetical power, and the "Annus Mirabilis," a poem which manifested his peculiar fitness for laureate honors, had just come from the press. There was no rival candidate consideration of whose claims might have delayed the decision of the court; and yet, from the time of Malone to the present, the editors and biographers of Dryden have taken the hiatus for granted and have assumed that the patent of 1670 was the first official recognition of Dryden as poet-laureate.

As a matter of fact, the existence of a patent conferring an office in any given year is by no means a proof that the office is then being conferred for the first time. Nahum Tate was thrice appointed to the laureateship—first when Shadwell died, again upon the accession of Queen Anne, and again in 1714 when the power of appointment was for the first time vested in the Lord Chamberlain.

The truth is that the Government, instead of dallying with the matter for two years after Davenant's death, issued, on

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April 13, 1668, precisely six days after the death of the former laureate, a "warrant for a grant to John Dryden of the Office of Poet Laureate, void by the death of Sir William Davenant." (Calendar of State Papers. Domestic. 1667-1668. Vol. VIII, p. 341.) Nor was this warrant an official secret, for on May 19, 1668, Aubrey writes to Anthony Wood: "Sir William was Poet Laureate, and Mr. John Dryden hath his place." (Aubrey's Lives, Oxford, 1898, Vol. I, p. 209.)

The later patent of August 18, 1670, was evidently issued because at that time, and not until then, the office of historiographer royal was combined with the poet-laureateship, and the patent served to confer the one and to reconfer the other. The patent of 1670 fixes the honorarium for the two offices at £200 and a butt of canary; but it was not until the following year that the honorarium was forthcoming. In the Calendar of Treasury Books for 1671 (Vol. III, part ii, p. 772), is the record of a "money warrant for 500l. to John Dryden, M.A., His Majesty's Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal in full of what is grown due on his pension . . . payable from the Feast of St. John Baptist next after the death of Sir William Davenant."

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

Correspondence

THE TREATY WITH COLOMBIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The absorbing interest of our affairs in Mexico has served to distract public attention from the treaty recently negotiated with the Republic of Colombia by the new American Minister to that country, Mr. Thaddeus A. Thomson.

Article II of the draft treaty provides, first, that Colombia "shall be at liberty at all times to transport through the interoceanic canal its troops, materials of war, and ships of war, *even in case of war between Colombia and another country*, without paying any charges to the United States." The observance of this stipulation on the part of the United States would be a clear violation of the rules of neutrality in time of war. If Colombia were at war, say, with Germany, it is evident that the fact of our allowing Colombian troops or warships in our possessions without enforcing the customary regulations regarding length of sojourn, could quite properly be considered by Germany as an unfriendly act and a violation of neutrality.

The final paragraph of the same Article II provides that "coal, petroleum, and sea salt, being the products of Colombia, passing from the Atlantic coast of Colombia to any Colombian port on the Pacific coast, and vice versa, shall be transported over the aforesaid [Panama] railway free of any charge, except the actual cost of handling and transportation, which shall not in any case exceed one-half of the ordinary freight charges levied upon similar products of the United States passing over the railway and in transit from one port to another of the United States." American citizens, then, are to allow their goods to be charged double in transit over the Isthmus or through the canal what is to be paid by Colombian products.

In many of our treaties with foreign nations there is included what is usually called the "most favored nation" agreement, by which we bind ourselves in granting any concession to any other nation to grant the same favor automatically and by virtue of this standing clause to the nation with which we have such an agreement. Does any one think that other countries having that "favored nation" clause in their treaties with the United States will be likely to sit back calmly and allow Colombia to avail herself of the provisions of this convention without claiming for themselves the same advantages? We should thus have the pleasant spectacle of foreign nations carrying their products through the canal at rates "which shall not in any case exceed one-half of the ordinary freight charges levied upon similar products of the United States."

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, JR.

New York, June 20.

HUERTA, THE MAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the disadvantages of a free press is that at times it provides too much news. Especially is this true about personalities; and never perhaps has human being suffered more severely from this surplus of news than has Gen. Huerta. The existence of one man only allows room for a certain number of facts; set out too many and he loses all resemblance to a man and becomes a monster. This is true even when the facts are set out in a friendly spirit. When they are not, as in the case of Huerta, the monster loses even the suggestion of humanity. As a matter of fact, President Huerta is very human indeed—too human, if anything—and his most human traits have been distorted to line the monstrous caricature which serves to represent him to the American public.

Believing only what you read, you would picture the General as a kind of drunken savage, living only to gratify his two overmastering passions for loot and bloodshed. I used to believe a good deal of this myself, before I saw something of the man and his surroundings. Afterwards I realized that if he lived in New York he would probably be conspicuous only by his success in some kind of rather unscrupulous business career. Huerta is not an angel, and he is admittedly not a man of high moral tone. There is no doubt, for instance, about his propensity for strong liquor. I saw him quite recently one evening, at the Café Colon, which is one of several of which he is a regular patron. He was perfectly sober, and, after I had watched him drink four small ponies of cognac, he was none the less sober, talking and walking with perfect composure. Yet it is a fact that at eight o'clock that morning he had been seen at the Automobile Clubhouse, near Chapultepec, drinking cognac and that he had been drinking cognac ever since, probably, as a Mexican doctor who has close relations with the Presidential circle told me, thirty or forty ponies of cognac in the twenty-four hours. Certainly such prowess would be frowned upon in any respectable temperance circle; but it does not appear to interfere with the General's health, his brain, or his business.

We are told that Gen. Huerta has, in a very short time, accumulated an even more enormous fortune than did any of his predecessors. Personally I do not believe it and my disbelief is based upon the authority of a Mexican politician and anti-Huertista. He takes the view that the President has only very little actual cash. His property is mostly in the form of real estate, much of it in the City of Mexico. Hence his reluctance to resign until the legislative acts passed during his term of office be legitimated by his successor, in which case only could he hope to enjoy the fruits of office. I have heard, also, on very good authority, that of the politicians it has been found necessary to dispose of in the last year or two a number were possessed of real estate which, after their execution, was confiscated. What became of it afterwards I do not know, and it is never wise to believe all you hear in Mexico.

There is one point in which the General stands out very markedly from the ordinary run of Mexicans. He is generous not only in words but in deeds also. Every Mexican, of course, makes a point of putting all that he has entirely at your disposal. It is only his form of politeness, and if you seriously accepted his gifts he would probably be greatly amazed. Gen. Huerta not only makes such offers, but actually carries them out. A very eminent diplomatist told me one instance in point. He was, before the present troubles, upon a certain intimacy with the General, and his small boy would frequently play with the Huerta children in their garden, where they have, among other things, a whole farmyard of chickens, lambs, calves, and the like. Among the rest was a small pony to which the young foreigner took a decided and loudly expressed fancy. It chanced that the General was standing near and overheard him. "You shall have it," he said, and at once gave orders to one of his entourage that the pony be taken to the diplomatist's house. Naturally the small boy was delighted; his father less so. In such times as the present, to accept presents, however small, from President Huerta might be made the basis for who shall say what charges of graft, bribery, and the like. Fortunately he was leaving the city within a few days, and his hope lay in the proverbial dilatoriness of the Mexican. He knew that the pony would come, because the General had said so; he hoped that it might come too late, because some other Mexican would have to see to the sending of it. As it turned out, he was right; the pony arrived in due course, but not until the diplomatist and his small boy were already far away from the city.

Not only do all the foreigners who have come into personal contact with the General, almost without exception, speak well of him; but his own servants are devoted

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to him, whatever their particular positions. This does not, of course, apply to his Ministers and political entourage. Among them, indeed, he lives and reigns only because the others are afraid of him, and that he should yet be able to inspire real affection in those in more intimate relations with him is something of a tribute.

Perhaps the secret of the extraordinary fight he has put up against such heavy odds is that he attends to things personally. You may frequently read that he is swayed by this, that, or the other Minister; that his cleverest moves are dictated by some subtle foreign adviser. As a matter of actual fact, his Ministers are mere appendages, more or less ornamental, to his "court." Things are done, in their names, of which they know nothing whatever until afterwards—and they are far too wise to make any protest. One particular instance came under my personal observation a few weeks ago. In common with some other newspaper men, I happened to be arrested as a spy. I was released first, and naturally set to work to obtain, if might be, the release of my friends. In the end I was enabled to enlist the sympathies of the Minister of the Gobernacion, in whose province fall naturally all matters of imprisonment. He was ready enough to help, but there was a drawback. He knew nothing of the circumstances, had not heard of the arrests, and at first refused to believe that they had occurred at all. The police, of whom he was the nominal head, had not thought it worth while to mention the matter to him. And when my friend was at last released it was to the President and by no means to the Minister that it was due.

Gen. Huerta has the typical Indian face, suggesting a Savonarola devoid of scrupulosity; he has wise eyes that are not unkindly, and somehow always suggested to me the eyes of an amiable rogue elephant. I confess that, despite his lapses from the strict path of rectitude, I like and admire him. He is at least a man—a man of the unpopular Bismarckian type.

O. M. Hueffer.

New York, June 19.

A MASTER OF THE ART OF LIVING.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In 1865 Charles Eliot Norton wrote to Ruskin, "And yet what you write never seems to me to do full justice to yourself." Those who knew Norton as a teacher lay aside his two volumes of letters with a similar feeling. Vital personalities express themselves in their work, and Norton's peculiar work was teaching. His gift and peculiar instrument was personality. His smile, the tones of his voice, the keen light in his eye, carried his more precious messages. The best that he gave was too subtle for the written page. Moreover, no man writes adequately of his own talent. As a consequence, his collected letters, delightful and admirably edited as they are give us intimate pictures of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Clough, Ruskin, Carlyle, Curtis, but only a shadowy sense of the man who to successive generations of eager-souled youths preached with such singular effectiveness the gospel of life made beautiful by conduct and art.

It is probable that no written page can ever explain the extraordinary significance of Norton to his disciples or publish to the world the measure and quality of his influence upon them for culture and happiness and civilization. But if posterity is to think of him as those who knew him would have it, he will be portrayed as a man who, in an age of material things, lived uncompromisingly upon a hill, practicing the art of making life sweet and sound and elegant; a ma whose intellectual loves were the Parthenon of the Athenians and the poetry of Dante.

To this man the white harmony of those Attic marbles was more than stone cunningly piled and sculptured. The entasis of each fluted shaft, the subtle, unsuspected curve of stylobate, was to him an illumination of the deeper ways of beauty; and in those calm proportions and inevitable relationships he read the laws of life and conduct. For him around each repressed Doric capital was written Sophrosyne, and Ethos, that summary of the attributes of heroic character, glowed from the calm sculptures of the pediment. The whole, embodying the full expression of the sane and happy Greek genius, constituted the visible appeal of the Beautiful and the Good. And it was his spiritual endowment to be able to make those whom he taught see and feel what he saw and felt.

But his æsthetic sympathies were not bounded by the works of the Greek. He loved all beautiful things of all times, especially the best Gothic building, the painting of the Venetians, the slim tower of Giotto, the drawing of the ancient masters of Japan. Yet he was no mere hedonist, in the usual meaning of that word, for, much as he loved the beautiful things of art, he loved high conduct more—high conduct, noble manners, and love. So that it was not strange that, of all the great dead, he should have been drawn most intimately to Dante. In the art and manners of his time he felt the need of qualities eminent in Dante, his uncompromising scorn of vulgarity, mawkishness, and cheap emotion; his elegance and distinction of standards in both life and art; his high simplicity and self-repression, and, most of all, his exalted obedience to Right Reason and Love as twin guides of life.

Led by such ideals, this man labored not to express himself in literature, but in the art of making beautiful people. A teacher of less faith would often have despaired. Too often the young men who came to him had been brought up to look upon the culture of beauty as something unmanly, honor as a stumbling-block to success, fine manners as foppery, and all noble ideals as inconvenient or impracticable. He was misunderstood, maligned, ridiculed, but he never faltered or ceased to insist upon the noblest art, the highest standards of conduct, the tenderest and wisest ideals of love.

Whatever his text, day after day he repeated his appeal for the cultivation of the best, and his protest against contentment with anything short of the best. And so, with both gentleness and fire, he preached and lived his gospel of beauty to the end.

There is a picture of him stamped twenty-five years ago upon the writer's mind which is characteristic. It was towards the close of his active days. The lamplight fell upon the bent figure of a scholar in his chair. He held a book. The pleasant room was walled with books. The portrait by Veronese of a Venetian lady with a pearl necklace glowed dimly in the subdued light. The old man's voice rose and fell in even, modulated cadences. He was reading aloud:

Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:
Hail to your purlieus,
All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews!
Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
This man decided not to Live but Know—
Bury this man there?
Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

He finished, his voice clear but resonant with emotion. His great spirit shone in his eyes. He closed the book.

How is criticism to rate such a man? Who can measure the influences that he set in motion, or compute the latent forces of his work? We only know this: no fire-bearer can be snuffed out; "Lofty designs must close in like effects." The lives of peoples have been lifted up by the lives of individuals no more devoted and inspired by no sweeter aim.

David Gray.

Cambridge, Mass., June 1.

THE GOTHIC BIBLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Forgive me for once more—for the last time—referring to Prof. Leo Wiener's recent article on the Gothic Bible. He ridicules my remarks as unintelligible, inconsistent, and ignorant. Let me briefly state a few facts:

(1.) According to Professor Wiener, my statements concerning Goth. *siponeis* "made no sense." Will it be clear enough if I say that I did not question the identity of Goth. *siponeis* with Gr. *σπουδαῖος* (though, by the way, I do not believe in it), but merely called attention to the fact that Professor Wiener, in this instance, strongly emphasizes the element of chronology while he entirely neglects the influence of time on the character of the language of a migrating people when he believes that the Gothic Bible, with its wonderful preservation of Germanic sounds and forms, can come from the eighth century?

(2.) It is perfectly consistent to believe, as I do, that O.H.G. *skrību* <Lat. *scrībo* followed the inflection of *blību*, but to consider it impossible that borrowed Lat. *culca* should have been the basis of a Pan-Germanic *skal-skulum*. No philologist can seriously entertain the latter theory for one moment; Professor Wiener does.

(3.) In the interest of the reputation of

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American scholarship, Professor Wiener's remark concerning the relation of Lat. *t* to Goth. *th* is truly distressing. I really cannot admit the colossal ignorance of the Germanic sound shifting that Professor Wiener declares me guilty of. It need not be known to my opponent that I have written a few articles on this very subject, but I assure him that I happen to remember that Indo-European *t* is represented by Goth. *th* (or, under Verner's law, by *d*); however, the very beginners in Gothic are taught that this Germanic change took place centuries, perhaps a thousand years, *before* the times of Ulphilas. Even the most elementary knowledge of any philology whatsoever must make it clear that the cognates Lat. *verto*—Goth. *wairtha* are to be judged entirely differently from Goth. *dulths* if borrowed from Lat. *dultum*. Is it worth while to mention that the laws of sound shifting, if we were allowed to apply them here, would require Goth. *t*. *.d* (hardly *th*) for the *d*. *.t* of the participial form *dultum*?

(4.) The thirty "Franco-Burgundian" loan-words that Professor Wiener kindly offers me "to whet my appetite," as he says, are most astonishing. The great majority are easily derived and explained as purely Gothic, without reference to borrowing from any foreign source whatsoever, and quite a few of them are Pan-Germanic.

I regret to have entered into this discussion at all; the questions raised are of such an elementary character that their serious consideration is a nearly unpardonable waste of space and time; but I could scarcely allow Professor Wiener's disparaging remarks to go unchallenged. E. PROKOSCH.

Mayville, Wis., June 17.

THE HONOR SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The honor system, attacked by Professor Firkins, of Minnesota, and defended by Professor Sparrow, of Virginia, is a feature in modern education that will scarcely be affected much by criticism. It is, as Dr. Sparrow has well shown, merely an element, the most important element, in the broader system of student self-government. Whether a given body of students is capable of self-government has to be determined and demonstrated by the students themselves. No professor, or body of professors, can do so for them. No faculty is strong enough to incorporate the honor system into a working code. If the initiative does not come from the students themselves the system has no chance for existence. Its essential foundation is justice. It is unjust for a student, by cheating, to obtain for himself the reward which his classmate wins by hard work. The attempt thus to cheat betrays an individual deficiency which the majority refuse to tolerate; and the only possible resource is the elimination of the offender.

Professor Firkins has been kind enough to refer to an article on this subject, published by myself in 1906, as "judicial." That article was the result of continued observation of student self-government, and was written as a sequel to a paper on "Student Honor and College Examinations," published in 1895 when I was a professor in a Northern technical school. For the man whose whole teaching experience has been in a Southern college where the honor system is traditional, it may be hard to look at the subject from another standpoint. After fourteen years of experience in the North, amid students who had no knowledge of a specialized honor system, and after an equal number of years among Southern students, it is possible to recognize the fact that human nature is about the same in both sections; but that social traditions remain strong long after political and commercial conditions have become changed. Professor Firkins's reply to Professor Sparrow shows how hard it is to dislodge the idea that there is some sort of bargain implied; for he repeats his former arraignment in referring to "that renouncement of supervision in return for which the student undertakes to play the part of an honest man." As I observe the system here, nobody thinks of it as embodying a "quid pro quo." The students merely insist that there shall be fair dealing in the examination-room and class-room, whether the professor is present or absent.

To the question whether the honor system ought to be, or can be, introduced everywhere, a reply can hardly be framed. It ought to be introduced wherever possible; but nobody is able to specify in advance just where it can be. Its existence implies a well-organized student body; and its maintenance is not easy without the previous development of well-defined traditions. At the University of Virginia, and at various other Southern institutions that could easily be named, these conditions are fulfilled. But in a great city, where most of the students meet only or chiefly in the performance of scholastic work, and where the importance of a heterogeneous mass of several thousands of young men is dwarfed amid the interests of hundreds of thousands of population, the introduction of the honor system, or of any other code which must originate among the students and be recognized by the entire student body, would be a task of extraordinary magnitude.

The increasing rate of growth of urban conditions in the United States tends to make the extension of the honor system harder. But it is no longer confined to the South. It has taken root in the North in a number of colleges where density of population is not great enough to overshadow the local importance of the college. Every educational institution has to work out its own problems in its own way. We in Virginia are not warranted in prescribing for those in New York or Minnesota whose local environment is different. If the recent arraignment of the honor system has exhibited some fundamental misconceptions, this is not strange. It does not prove that total depravity exists wherever the honor system has not been organized. It is only an example of honest men, North and South, on opposite sides of the same shield.

W. LECONTE STEVENS.

Washington and Lee University, May 28.

Literature

ASIATIC IMMIGRATION.

The American Japanese Problem: A Study of the Racial Relations of the East and the West. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

This is an eminently judicious handling of a perplexing question. The threat made ten years ago by disappointed newspaper men, that the snubs they received at the Japanese military headquarters would not be forgotten, has since been made good in persistent newspaper misrepresentation and antagonism. Particular circumstances have aided malcontents in making California the centre of an anti-Japanese crusade. In the first place, the Californian opposition to Japanese immigration, as Dr. Gulick points out at page 21, is not a sudden outbreak; "it is the heir of decades of antipathy to Chinese." And the different national temper of the Japanese, who rely on their home government to present their grievances at the capital in a way that forces respectful attention, has irritated the complacent local politician, accustomed to the more subservient Chinese attitude. However mildly the Japanese may put his grievance, he cannot give it the least ring of truth as a genuine protest, without being accused of "spoiling for a fight." Long ago the time limit set by the belligerent Capt. Hobson for his anticipated Japanese invasion expired; and the forecast remains—what it was from the beginning—a mere hallucination.

Then, again, San Francisco, whence has come the driving force in the recent anti-Japanese legislation, is, beyond almost any other city in the country, under the domination of foreign-born and anti-religious Socialists; men who regard a government merely from the side of its industrial legislation. Their altruism ends with members of their labor unions, and they are absolutely regardless of the comity of nations.

California, moreover, contains a great number of Southerners, who have been burdened in the past with a race question which still awaits solution; and they and their friends are determined that no similar question shall be forced on the country. In southern California, where the Japanese are better treated than in the northern section, the race distinction is more emphasized; and cafeterias and other restaurants close their doors more rigidly to the brown men.

Moreover, the Progressives, who are in possession of the State Legislature, have taken advantage of the awkward situation in which a Democratic President, the first for nearly twenty years,

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finds himself, of calling upon a State Legislature to limit the exercise of its legislative activities and consider the embarrassments of the Federal Government. This trifling with the larger interests of the nation to meet party exigencies may do the party no good in the end, but meanwhile it seems to serve immediate ends in hampering a Democratic Administration.

Our author is wisely silent on some of these aspects of the situation, and sets himself to answer the arguments of those who favored the recent anti-Japanese land legislation and are clamoring for still more legislation of the same nature. These arguments may be classed under four or five heads: intense disgust at race mixture and the possible growth of a new color problem; a contempt for the shabby un-American way in which Japanese laborers live; the absence of reciprocal privileges of citizenship in Japan; dread of their lowering the rate of wages, and dread of their lowering the dignity of labor by making farm and orchard work considered "only good enough for Japs." He is careful to point out how the press, in handling the matter, has persistently suppressed the truth and suggested the false. When Mr. Hattori, of the Japanese House of Representatives, who recently died in San Francisco when on a mission of reconciliation, was advising his countrymen in Hawaii how best to meet the situation, he "made four most impressive and striking points: first, every Japanese in Hawaii should be true to his fatherland and unswerving in his devotion to his Emperor; second, every Japanese settled here in permanency should become an American citizen, if possible; third, such a change of allegiance is not evidence of loss of patriotism and will entail no injury to one's national individuality, . . . for the deeper the patriotic devotion the better fitted the man will be for citizenship in another country; fourth, if after change of allegiance from Japan to America war between the two nations should come, the truer the Japanese, the more valorously will he fight for America." But the American press, in their report of the address, gave only the first of the four points, "thus conveying exactly the opposite impression of the import of his remarks." Dr. Gulick quotes from an editorial which appeared in the San Francisco *Examiner* of last October, showing how insolently our press thinks fit to treat a courteous discussion of an international problem by a writer who is unfortunate enough to be an Oriental.

Five years ago the State of California made an appropriation of $10,000 for a thorough investigation into the whole problem of Japanese immigration, and the report of the Labor Commissioner, J. D. Mackenzie, appeared in May, 1910; but no appropriation, unfortunately, was made for its publication. Was it purposely suppressed, asks Dr. Gulick, because it proved so unexpectedly favorable to the Japanese? Quoting from the "Summary for the Press," he finds that, while it deplores "the readiness of the Japanese to work long hours and in unhygienic conditions," yet "Japanese farm-hands were earning, in 1909, better wages than white men engaged in the same work, and, strange to say, Japanese employed by Japanese received higher wages than those employed by white men." In the future change that is before the country, from extensive to intensive farming, the Japanese may be of the greatest service. "They have made possible developments in berry, lettuce, celery, and kindred crops, which white labor alone would never have allowed. In point of fact, as a whole they are developing uncultivated lands and carrying on forms of agriculture which would remain largely undeveloped if left to whites."

The author devotes several chapters to what he terms the "storm-centre" of his problem, Japanese assimilability. This is a question to which he has paid particular attention, having published many years ago the book by which he is best known, his "Japanese Evolution, Psychic and Social." He recognizes three factors in race assimilation: "biological assimilation through intermarriage; biological assimilation without intermarriage; and social assimilation." Far too great importance, he declares, has hitherto been ascribed to the first of these factors. Modern scientific inquiry has completely established the fact that the "obstacles to the social assimilation of races are not inherent in their biological differences." The assimilation that interests sociological inquirers to-day is psychological rather than physiological. Already the Japanese residents in California are taking on American characteristics in bodily appearance as well as in mental habit. The very task of acquiring the English language tends towards assimilation, for the utterance and articulation of sounds in Japanese require a different use of tongue and throat. Dr. Gulick contends that "such psychic differences as distinguish the East from the West are products of social life, belong to the social order, and are therefore subject to rapid change." He is with President Eliot in holding that the immigration question need not be complicated with any race problem in this case, as the Japanese race keeps itself pure.

The very fact of their gregariousness, their clannishness, is made a matter of reproach. Hitherto very little has been done to train the immigrant laborers in American ways of living, and the cottages and huts in which they are huddled are too often kept in a slovenly manner. But, as a matter of fact, declares Dr. Gulick, so far from "living like pigs," as Californians sometimes assert, "Japanese as a whole are the most cleanly foreigners that come to America. If they are able to acquire a little property, especially if they have their own homes and wives and children, this characteristic, along with their innate artistic sense, becomes conspicuous." He quotes from Bishop Brent, who crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of a boat sailing from Naples. "I never quite gauged the menace from Southern Europeans," declares the Bishop, "until I came over with the indigestible mass on the Caronia. One has pity for them, but that ought not to blind us to the danger they bring to this country. In virility and decency the Japanese are infinitely beyond them." If we qualify Dr. Gulick's statements with the Bishop's remarks, they may be more readily received. The call at present is surely for a national handling of the whole immigration question.

The condition of semi-peonage that has marked the Japanese in Hawaii, and lowered the social status of the Japanese laborer on the Pacific, is a temporary phase that is rapidly passing away. Unmarried Japanese laborers have hitherto regarded themselves as mere birds of passage who are here only on sufferance and must not make permanent homes. Many, however, begin to prefer American life and ways and send for "picture-brides"; and the rising generation will find a barrier to their return in the impossibility of acquiring the very difficult language of their own people. They will be severed from the social and historical influence of their country more completely than other American educated aliens. The assimilation into our social life of a certain number of Japanese, so admirably fitted for particular industries and arts, would be a positive gain. Such are Dr. Gulick's contentions.

The practical proposals, nine in number, that he brings forward for the solution of the whole question are of a very moderate nature. Among them the most important are: that American citizenship should be granted to every qualified individual regardless of race; that immigration should be allowed on a percentage rate of those from the same land who are already naturalized, including their American-born children; that the granting of naturalization should be vested in a bureau of naturalization; and that there should be direct Federal responsibility for all legal and legislative matters in which aliens as such are involved.

A like proposal, dealing, however, only with European immigrants, and leaving Asiatic exclusion laws exactly where they stand, was introduced in the summer of 1913 by Senator Dillingham.

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On a basis of 10 per cent. of the people of any nationality already in the United States, it would place a check upon Russian and Italian immigration, but leave a wide margin for German, British, and Scandinavian immigrants. Moreover, it provides for a minimum of five thousand from any land, however few may be their representatives here. Dr. Gulick's basis of 5 per cent. would allow only 220 Japanese and 738 Chinese to enter in any one year, exclusive of such as by social position and education are not to be classed as ordinary immigrants. Surely, a limitation of this nature is drastic enough for any one, however obsessed by the fear of an Asiatic invasion.

The anti-Japanese forces on the Pacific Coast are so well organized that there is danger lest, through indifference, those who, both for national and international reasons, regret the intolerant Asiatic exclusion laws, may see themselves out-voted and thwarted. So thorough and sane a treatise as Dr. Gulick's is of special value at the present time in helping to formulate a policy of a worthier kind, which may furnish a basis for organized activity in checkmating intolerance.

CURRENT FICTION.

At the Casa Napoléon. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Bros.

The casual reader of these tales may be struck with a certain quaintness of flavor which nothing in the preface by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock would account for. Mr. Janvier died only a year ago. These stories, as the copyright dates show, must have been published in the early nineties, presumably in *Harper's Magazine*. How the world moves in a quarter of a century! Not only are the stories of a gas-lighted, motorless, easy-going New York, they were written by gaslight, in the genial, leisurely, slightly facetious style of that day. The "punch" in fiction had not yet been discovered—or, rather, had not been generally recognized, for Kipling was introducing it at the moment. In short, the charm of the stories is already a trifle antiquated. Casa Napoléon, says the preface, represents a real hostelry off Fifth Avenue, frequented for some time by Mr. Janvier. Its host is a political exile from Mexico, its hostess a Frenchwoman of Toulouse: hence the bilingual name. As a hotel it is patronized by travellers of several Latin races, and its cookery attracts a group of New York Bohemians. A representative handful of its patrons supply material for these stories, or sketches, as the exacting magazine editor of to-day might call them. Whatever their category, they are delightful. Col. Withersby, promoter, and Monsieur Duvent, gambler, are as memorable types as Bret Harte's Starbottle and Oakhurst. Mrs. Mortimer is a less sentimentalized type of the frail sisterhood of Poker Flat. The defeat of all three of them on their own ground by the astonishing Marques de Valdeflores is an amusing if not quite credible bit of comedy. It is a book to be particularly enjoyed by middle-aged readers who have tender memories of a phase of the American short story which, in default of "punch," relied openly on its recipe of whimsical humor and graceful sentiment.

You Never Know Your Luck. By Gilbert Parker. New York: George H. Doran.

This is far from being of the best that the author of "Pierre and His People" has given us. The story is based largely upon the workings of chance. Shiel Crozier, the son of an Irish baronet, at an early age became fascinated by the betting-book at Brook's, and decided to devote his life to the worship of the god Luck. His devotion leads to the loss of fortune. Crozier is estranged from his wife, and goes out to start life anew in a prairie town in the Rockies. There chance leads him to the care of a maiden who appears to him as a symphony in gold. Chance also forces him to reveal his past on the witness-stand at a murder trial. He is shot as a result of the evidence given, and then the Golden Maiden, finding that her love for him is unreciprocated, decides to assist chance. She steams open a letter to Shiel from his wife, discovers her address, and contrives to reconcile an unsuspecting husband to his wife. Crozier decides that luck lies in the resumption of his past life. The book has movement and a sprightly wit that atones for a good deal.

A Free Hand. By Helen C. Roberts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a solid piece of work that ought to win a wide audience. It is concerned with the inner life-history of a single individual. Ridley Courage, the son of a narrow-minded, garrulous shopkeeper, does not relish the prospect of settling down to the same occupation. He longs for Canada, where advertisements say a man can have a "free hand." But as he is about to announce his departure, he learns that it has been decided for him that he is to enter a profession. So he prepares to be a dentist, and succeeds after much tribulation. But he has no love for his work. He still inactively longs for a free hand. As a man he seems a failure, except that his native indolence and resignation are punctuated by flashes of ready decision. In one such mood he wins his wife, an unsuccessful young actress, whom he has always loved. The "free hand" he gives her, however, induces her to return to the stage some years later, and leave him with an infant daughter. Accordingly, at forty-five Ridley Courage is not a worldly success and has still missed his "free hand." He has, however, become reconciled to the fact, and has realized that the fault is not of destiny or of life, but "of his own imperfect nature, with its hesitancies and limitations, its sudden weaknesses and fears." But resignation has given him something in place of success. It has taught him sympathy for men and women, with the gift of deep and tender affection. It has given him a love for beauty, color, and vitality. So, after casting up accounts, Ridley begins a satisfied life with a little woman who adores him.

A Lady and Her Husband. By Amber Reeves. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The lady is a middle-aged English woman of the old-fashioned sort, who is awakened in time to save her soul from humdrum happiness by way of becoming, very mildly, a modern female. The husband is the British paterfamilias of fiction, bumptious and patronizing, clinging to the ancient notion of women as born to serve, to be pretty, and to purr. But it is the twentieth century, and they have a daughter who is very up-to-date indeed. At eighteen years, though still nominally under the shelter of the paternal roof, she has learned to take care of herself and to think. However, Rosemary is not offensive, nor does she have to be lifted out of any sort of scrape. In fact, at the moment of our introduction to her she has just engaged herself to be married too young, in a perfectly human and normal way. Still, she has learned to think. She engages to be a partner, not an inferior, and belongs to the Fabian Society. She is inoculated (or infected?) with the Socialism and feminism of the day. It is partly through her, partly from mere contact with the new atmosphere, that the meek "little mother" of the family is aroused to consciousness of certain responsibilities. That she owns half the business her husband has made so successful gives her purchase for action which she long defers. The issue is the wage and treatment of the firm's shop-girls. In the end we leave little mother on the way to reform or at least mitigation of the evils she sees; paterfamilias, after vain attempts to overbear her in the established way, destined to be defeated in the long run by the mild obstinacy of a woman sure of her duty. At all events, the passive comfort of her old days is gone. "Now she, too, was to share man's task and his inheritance. She had left her ordered house for the clamour and promise of life. . . ." The wife's discovery that her husband has once been technically "unfaithful" to her, and the

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effect of that discovery on her attitude, rather cheapens a situation which is otherwise handled with discretion and a good deal of force.

Cross Trails. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Bros.

Once more we find the frozen wilds of Canada set as a background for the primitive passions and loyalties. Mr. Whitaker describes a man's struggle to regain the love of his wife from whom scandal has separated him at the altar. Their trails cross in Canada, where the husband finds his wife lost in a snow-drift. He brings her to the lumber camp. Their relations are unknown to all others. She repels his kindness, but he cannot permit her to leave the camp in mid-winter. Thereupon she decides to escape by eloping with a rather dissolute Englishman. Too soon his womanish helplessness disgusts her, and she longs for her husband's strength. By a ruse, she leaves the Englishman and returns to the camp to meet her pursuing husband. The woods have cleansed and chastened the hearts of both. The story is vigorously told and abounds in effective bits of description.

AN ECONOMIC HERESY.

The Cause of Business Depressions. By Hugo Bilgram, in collaboration with Louis Edward Levy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

In their search for "The Cause of Business Depressions" the authors have made an examination of the whole field of economic theory; they have found the accepted doctrines untenable and have constructed a theory in their place which is reminiscent of mercantilism and land banks. In their opinion, "sociologists in the halls of learning are teaching, and legislators in Congresses and Parliaments are formulating into law, the misconceptions of economic principles and the misinterpretations of economic history which have come down to us from the past" (p. 457). Mr. Bilgram's "strictly deductive line of investigation," as he rightly calls it, of economic theory, leads him to the conclusion that "the underlying cause of the economic disorder is the legalized restriction of the right to use credit as a medium of exchange, a conclusion which, though confirmed by all the symptoms of the social disease, is not in agreement with the accepted tenets of the modern school of economics" (p. 456). Not only does he find that "the recurring economic paroxysms, known as financial crises, which are followed by periods of industrial depression, are the inevitable outcome of the arbitrary limitation of the volume of the currency," but in addition he finds "that this same cause gives rise to the most grievous of the many forms of social and economic injustice that are so loudly crying for redress throughout the modern world" (p. 511). According to Mr. Bilgram, then, currency reform is the panacea that will cure the business world of its periodical paroxysms, do away with the necessity of paying interest, bring about an equitable distribution of wealth, and accomplish economic justice. He is as sanguine concerning the efficacy of his remedy as are the single-taxers or the Socialists of theirs.

The argument runs thus: The quantity theory of money is inconsistent with facts and untenable. "Money does not owe its value to the demand for a medium of exchange, nor to any law authorizing the issue of such medium, but exclusively to the value of that of which money consists, be it the standard commodity, gold, or credit expressed in terms of that commodity" (p. 155). "The time-honored notion that money is paid to the lender of money for the use of 'capital' is groundless" (p. 280). "Investigation discloses the fact that what the borrower is after is *money*, and that the interest which he pays to the lender of money is paid for the use of money and not for the use of capital" (p. 277). "It follows that if the total demand for money is not supplied, competition will tend to put a premium on its use. Interest is accordingly paid on money because of its inadequacy to meet the demand of those who need it for the exchange of their products or services, and, as we shall see later, this competition raises the rate of interest as high as the market will bear; in deed, so high as to exert a destructive effect upon the market" (p. 317). In a business depression "*the general oversupply of things and services offered for exchange can be accounted for only by an equal under-supply of the medium of exchange. . . . The arbitrary control of the volume of currency, accordingly, is not only the cause of the predatory power of wealth, but also the cause of industrial stagnation*" (p. 363).

The remedy, therefore, is for the Government freely to advance notes to banks on the security of their assets, including loans on real estate security and national, State, and municipal bonds; such notes to be redeemable in gold by the Government, but not by the banks; "the gold for this latter fund could be obtained by requiring every bank applying for currency to furnish not only the prescribed amount of securities, but also gold to the amount of such percentage of the currency issued as experience indicated as sufficient" (p. 409). Delay of a month or more in redeeming the notes in specie would not be serious (p. 410). "While the Federal reserve currency is a step in the right direction, . . . the process of issuing the currency [is] so costly that the intention of the law, that of rendering the business world independent of financial disturbances, can at best be but partially realized" (p. 518).

To make a thorough criticism of "The Cause of Business Depressions" would be to cover the entire field of economics, an uncalled-for proceeding. It is uncalled for because Mr. Bilgram does not adequately support his economic heresies with statistical and other data, and because he completely ignores the contributions of modern economists. For example, in discussing his proposition that pure interest "is clearly traceable to a *monopoly upheld by law*" (p. 350), he does not refer in any way to the diverse currency systems of Canada, England, Germany, and France and their influence on the interest rates in those countries; in discussing money theory he does not mention Irving Fisher, Laughlin, or a host of others who have recently treated that subject.

The main contention of Mr. Bilgram, that the phenomenon of interest is brought about by legal limitation of the medium of exchange, is a fallacy. Economists of all schools will agree as to that. Mr. Bilgram has clouded rather than clarified the questions that he discusses. Consequently it were better to leave the book unread.

THE APPEAL OF THE BALLAD.

Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe. Translated into English Verse by Sophie Jewett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

For "successive classes of Wellesley College students, studying English and Scottish popular ballads," Miss Jewett translated sundry cognate ballads in French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Rumanian dialects. Mainly following Professor Child on the comparative trails, she made her own selection, and in all cases undertook the formidable task of translation. It is said that experts in the various dialects, to whom her translations were submitted, found "hardly a word to change." In the summer of 1909, shortly before her death, Miss Jewett revised these translations, and left them, along with notes and memoranda of an introduction, to be prepared for the press by her friend and colleague, Prof. Katharine Lee Bates.

The editor has done her work with due knowledge, discretion, and sympathy. The original texts, which are printed opposite to the translation, have been verified at the source; the introduction keeps within the limits of the translator's memoranda; and the notes, for which little material had been prepared, are adequate. For the main part of the book, fifty-five "ballads of Southern Europe" are printed and translated, and seem fairly representative in quality and range. The popular note varies from absolute in "Scibilia Nobili" to vanish-

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ing in "La Belle au Jardin d'Amour." The selection of these ballads depended, of course, upon the analogous British pieces; but choice of the particular version may here and there be questioned, as in the case of the "Marquise," where tradition is supposed to tell the story of a poisoned royal mistress—whether Madame de Vintimille, as Bujeaud says, or, as the Italian "Gabriella" would suggest, the favorite of Henri IV, or else, in Bladé's opinion, Madame de Montespan. Miss Jewett has selected the version of Bladé, which inclines to be stolid and garrulous, instead of that of Bujeaud, which is simple and effective, approaching the *tout faire rêver*, in Sainte-Beuve's famous definition of poetry, rather than the *tout dire*. But should this choice be questioned? Is not all balladry *tout dire* triumphant? A recent writer, who may or may not have taken his cue from Matthew Arnold and the discussion of Homer, lays down the law that true balladry is garrulous, if not stolid, and that any poetic appeal, of suggestion or of reticence, at once bewrays the artist. Bladé's version does not conclude on the climax:

> La reine lui donne un bouquet
> Fait de fleurs tant jolies;
> Mais en flairant ce beau bouquet
> Elle a perdu la vie . . .

Two stanzas follow, with "particulars of the funeral"; and even that "Je n'ai ni roi ni femme" of the marquis fails to restore the simplicity and suggestion of the right close. Bujeaud's version ends:

> La reine a fait faire un bouquet [bis]
> De belles fleurs de lyse,
> Et la senteur de ce bouquet
> A fait mourir marquise . . .

Peasants, says one recent writer, would naturally give and take those garrulous details, and would be incapable of the reticence and suggestion of "poetic" versions, such as Bujeaud's, which, for this same poetic taint, should be blotted from the list of traditional ballads. Yet many of the best British ballads have this haunting and suggestive note of conclusion, this right dying fall—"Sir Patrick Spens" and "The Wife of Usher's Well," for example; others, because of the dramatic element, are even more effective in their close—"Babylon," "Edward," "Child Maurice"; and one Shetland ballad, "The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry," is as sudden and stunning at the end as the *Ich wollt', er schösse mich todt* of Heine's little masterpiece. Apart from this last, peculiar case, suggestive conclusion and effective reticence are by no means alien to the ballad; and the argument from old wives' tales is not convincing. Tradition as well as criticism can select what is effective. The clear implication of Professor Child's various comments on individual ballads is that the reticent and effective versions come unspoiled from the hands of tradition; and with this theory Miss Jewett would undoubtedly agree. Her general habit of selection—the "Marquise" version of Bladé can be defended for other reasons than its garrulity—and, still more, her translations, prove this assent.

It is conceded that imitation of the popular ballad is a rare and difficult feat; and translation itself is far from easy. The older ballads often make appeal by failing to say what is expected, and by saying over and over what would seem to have been said enough. Now this repetition, the ground-plan of the old ballad, is a very different matter from garrulity—a point missed by Arnold—and must not be cut down in translation. On the other hand, a translator must not beautify or poetize, and, above all, must not pad. It can be said that Miss Jewett seldom errs in these respects. *Fait de fleurs tant jolies* should not be rendered "sweet with the roses' breath"; and not even the exigency of rhyme excuses "Come and wish me happy chance" for *i v'invito a le mie nosse*, or "one little love-kiss like the old" for *bazin d'amour*. "Lovers' fears" will not do for *amitiés*. Padding outright, as "too tired to weep," p. 125, is very rare. More serious is the failure to keep repetition. In the whirlwind of passion which fills the opening dialogue of "Donna Lombarda" the translator must beget no temperance by bating a jot of that duplication of *müri*, as it is called, echoed, and re-echoed, in successive lines.

Herder passes as the master in this art of translating popular verse. He not only gave Europe knowledge of its ballads, but chanted them, like another Autolycus, and chanted them supremely well. He appealed to the critic and the reader. It is to be regretted that another great lover and student of the ballads did not make his translations with this same wide appeal. And yet the model for English translation of popular verse is to be found in Professor Child's introductions. By way of illustration, he translated, in the first and second of his five volumes, about one hundred and fifty scattered stanzas or couplets from foreign ballads. Only twice did he translate a whole ballad. Once (I, 219) he gives "a close translation" of the Danish "Barnemordersken" instead of the usual prose abstract with a striking stanza or so in verse. Again (I, 363), to show what "beauty" the English "Hind Etin" has lost in transmission, he translates a dozen lines from a Norwegian version, keeping the lilt of the rhythm, the assonance ("drank: forgat"), and using dialect to render certain phrases—"the ae first drink." In the later volumes, probably on account of the pressure on the editor's time and strength, the prose abstracts are shorter, and verse is hardly used at all. But there is plenty of material for the translator or critic of ballads to study in these fragmentary verses of the early introductions. So far as transfer of the ballad as ballad from one tongue to another is concerned, no better translation has been done.

It would be easy to isolate some of Miss Jewett's translations and make them seem inadequate or infelicitous. But if they are read along with the originals, read as a whole—and that was her intention—the rendering is seen to be faithful, in the main, not only to the sense but to the poetry of the more or less difficult texts. In most cases she seems to apply the method so successfully used by Professor Child. Miss Jewett understood the popular ballad, and understood it the better because she loved it. Through her work runs that enthusiasm which Goethe once declared to be so much more effective in the teacher than mere knowledge and power to drill.

THE PURITANS OF INDIA.

Psalms of the Early Buddhists. Second Part: *Psalms of the Brethren.* By Mrs. Rhys Davids. Oxford University Press. 10 shillings net.

In this companion volume to her earlier "Psalms of the Sisters," published five years ago, Mrs. Rhys Davids has translated into English verse the 1,279 "stanzas of the Elders" (Theragāthās) ascribed to the venerable Brethren of the Buddhist Church. Both collections belong to the Khuddaka Nikāya, a division of the Sutta Pitaka, which contains also the well-known Dhammapada and Jātakas. They have already been translated into German by Neumann, who regarded them as the work of one poet.

Mrs. Rhys Davids, on the other hand, believes that tradition is right in ascribing these hymns or psalms to many writers, and holds that it is a veritable collection of ancient verses emanating from authors of distinct personality, whose historical character cannot in the main be questioned. As between the psalms of the nuns and those of the monks she notes the prevalence of the personal note in the former, together with more frequent reference to outward happenings, while in the latter descriptions of nature prevail, and there is more frequent reference to the inner life. On these points it is probable that any one who has read carefully both collections will be inclined to agree with her; but not in the belief, also held by Mrs. Rhys Davids, that much credence can be given to the traditional authorship of the different stanzas. With due deference to the learned translator, all we really know is that there were different authors. Who they were, must remain as doubtful as the true names of the writers of the countless ethical

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stanzas in the epic poems or of the seers of the Vedic hymns.

But it is a rich treasure of old religious thought and feeling which stands thus revealed in English dress, varieties of religious experience which might add a new chapter to James's work, if only to point out parallels with similar experiences in the Occident. There is a certain sameness about all of these psalms, but it is the sameness of the one religious ideal here made manifest, the destruction of lust and of all forms of desire, serenity, kindness to all, absence of desire to injure, absence of desire to love, rejection of family ties, an assured expectation of the fulfilment of that "extinction" on earth which shall lead to Nirvāna. But within this religious and ethical frame which encircles all Buddhistic utterances, whether found in the Gāthās or the Dhammapada or elsewhere, the psalms here recorded give many glimpses of the individual struggle, of the variety of experience which is reflected from personal environment. One monk sings how he came to be converted through watching the kites ever swooping down after meat. Another tells of his life as a prince, and how he became at last influenced "to lead the forest-life the Buddha praised." One even leaves us nothing save his emotion, essentially pagan, versified in the lines:

Whene'er I see the crane, her clear bright wings
Outstretched in fear to flee the black stormcloud,
A shelter seeking, to safe shelter borne,
Then doth my river Ajakarani
Give joy to me.

Yet there is another aspect of the picture. Too many of these saints revel in describing how they have deserted their wives and children, "bonds to be broken," in order to devote themselves to inward peace. We read as part of a psalm a Brother's disgusting description of his former (now deserted) wife, who, "afflicted, lean, in sad array, and in tears," greeted him and received only contempt, and we begin to understand that there was a very ugly side to the self-complacent saint. And as we read this long collection of psalms and realize that it is but one more vehicle of the same monotonous religious expression found in all Buddhist works, we cannot help wondering that any community could exist for centuries on so slender an intellectual pabulum as seems to have contented the Buddhists. In a land of art and literature to have produced nothing save religious ejaculation and ethical monitions is rather a sorry showing. The Buddhists were, in fact, the Puritans of India. They knew no art save as it subserved religious needs. The drama was openly scorned; all amusement was taboo; shows and fairs were abhorrent. To them, epic and lyric poetry existed only as memoirs of Buddha and expressions of religious rhapsody. Plastic art served only to recall legends of the master and to instil moral teaching.

These psalms do much to interpret the real feeling of Buddhism. They reveal its strength and its weakness. Even with the best will in the world one cannot find in the stanzas of the Theragāthās a recognition of anything more precious than one's own selfish peace of mind. The "love" taught here is a cool friendliness. The Brethren learned, indeed, from the Master that to "exhort, instruct, and lead others in the right way" was their duty, but their true aim was that of the ascetic philosopher, to retire into a solitary place and, disregarding all social obligations, to save themselves from "the bog of life." Significant are the words of Tālaputa: "I have vomited forth all desires, loves, hates, and *things of beauty.* For no one else have I done this; it is only for myself I acted thus." Buddha himself abhorred ascetism, but this is the Buddhist's attitude in this "psalm" of Kassapa: "In the whole field of Buddha's disciples, saving the mighty Master's self, I stand the foremost in ascetic ways. No man practices ascetic ways so far as I."

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 2.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company announces that it has in preparation a series of volumes on Childhood and Youth, under the general editorship of M. V. O'Shea.

Included in Small, Maynard & Co.'s autumn list will be the following volumes: Fiction.—"A Lady of Leisure," by Ethel Sidgwick; "Happy Hawkins in the Panhandle," by Robert Alexander Wason; "Of One Blood," by Charles M. Sheldon; "The Golden Blight," by George Allan England. Miscellaneous.—"My Son," by William Carleton; "My Adventures in the Arctic," by Robert A. Bartlett; "Four Plays for Children," by Ethel Sidgwick; "A Practical Guide for Authors," by William Stone Booth; "The Wallace Collection," uniform with "The National Gallery" and "The Louvre"; "Consumption," by John B. Hawes 2d; "Vigée le Brun," by W. H. Helm; "My Memories," by Jules Massenet, translated by H. Villiers Barnett; "Highlands of the French Riviera," by Constance Smith.

WE are informed that a full account of the recent discovery in Egypt by Professor Petrie of the diadem and jewels of Senusert II will be given in the July issue of *Ancient Egypt.* This quarterly, which was started at the beginning of the year, is published by the Egyptian Research Account under the editorship of Prof. W. M. F. Petrie and others. It is excellently illustrated, partly in colors, and its object is to serve as a record of the excavations conducted by the Research Account and to enable those of the public who are interested in Egyptology to keep abreast of the results of modern excavation. The price of the magazine is $2 a year. The American representative is the Rev. W. C. Winslow, D.D., 525 Beacon Street, Boston, to whom subscriptions may be sent and inquiries addressed. It may be added that all connected with the Research Account, both in England and in the United States, give their services without remuneration. It is hoped that a sufficient number of subscribers to the magazine may be obtained to remove the necessity of drawing for its maintenance on funds needed for the work of excavation.

AN innocent compilation is "Modern Short-Stories" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), edited by Margaret Ashmun, of necessity "with an introduction and with biographies and bibliographies." Fortunately, the introduction gives the accepted doctrine of this thrice-familiar *genre* in tabloid form, and the biographies are strictly of the thumb-nail variety. The twenty-one stories, selected on now this and now that basis, include such "up-to-date" exemplars as O. Henry, William Allen White, Jack London, and Selma Lagerlöf. Why, after ranging among Russians, French, Germans, and Scandinavians, the editor fails to include Alarcòn, Roberto, Verga, or any other Spanish or Italian master of this now universal and never-enough-to-be-written-about type, one should not inquire too closely. The earnest reader will at any rate find clear type, fair paper, and a guide who will not fall with him into the ditch.

THE latest translation of Rudolf Eucken's works, by Lucy Judge Gibson (Macmillan; $1.25), is entitled "Can We Still Be Christians?" Fifty years ago, in Colenso's time, the issue raised in this question was the Biblical account of the creation; later it had narrowed to the divinity of Christ; and more recently to the acceptance of Christian ethics as final and unique. Eucken declines to qualify by any of these tests, and by him the issue has been rarefied into a question of believing in the reality of a spiritual world transcending naturalistic forces. For him, as for Royce, the essence of Christianity is a belief in a power greater than ourselves, in the form of a spiritual community, apart from which we cannot rise above the forces of nature. In this belief, expressed in the doctrines of redemption and grace, Christianity stands alone among the religions of the world; and in this sense Eucken looks for the redemption of the world from its present lost state of vulgar naturalism by a "new Christianity," which is to supplant all existing ecclesiastical organizations. Granting, however, that we still can be Christians, it remains to ask why we should still want to be. Even Eucken's pessimism, profoundly comfortable and graceful, relents so far as to discover in naturalism itself some evidence of a spiritual motive. It then turns out that all of us are to some degree Christians who are aught but rank materialists. In that case, the "new Christianity" has apparently nothing to offer beyond the stimulus of a

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"movement," and it is something of a question whether the day has not passed when spiritual influences need to be harnessed to a movement.

THE title of Mr. Addington Bruce's "Adventures in the Psychical" (Little, Brown; $1.35 net) is well chosen, as the book consists mainly in the repetition of such picturesque tales as one finds in plenty in the annals of the Society for Psychical Research, borrowed from any handy source. These tales he employs quite uncritically to substantiate his belief in the existence of telepathic communication from one individual to another. He, however, throws no new light on "the mechanism" by which this hypothetical transmission is accomplished.

A TIMELY bibliography on our first war with Mexico has been compiled by Henry E. Haferkorn, librarian of the United States Engineer School (Washington Barracks, D. C.). This is not only a select bibliography on "The War with Mexico, 1846-1848," but also a carefully chosen list of books and other printed material on the resources, economic conditions, politics, and government of the republic of Mexico and the characteristics of the Mexican people. Mr. Haferkorn had the Library of Congress to draw upon, as well as the extensive collections of his own library, and those of the War Department and the Army War College. He has sifted the material with great care, annotated the entries, and prepared a full index. The publication will be serviceable to librarians and to students in general.

WHAT may happen to a bit of rhetoric in translation, first into a foreign tongue and then back into its own, is shown by the rendering of Bryan's famous metaphor that appears in the new edition of Hugo Münsterberg's "The Americans" (Doubleday, Page; $1 net), where it takes this form: "You must not nail humanity to a cross of gold." It seems strange that a translator should have made a slip like this, when, if his memory did not serve him, that of almost any one else would; it is doubly strange that the slip should be preserved in a new edition of the translation. Professor Münsterberg published "The Americans" in German a decade ago, not long after the publication in English of his "American Traits." The latter, by showing us our faults, was to bring about an improvement in us, and better appreciation of Germany and of the similarity of our civilization to that of the land of William II. "The Americans," on the other hand, was to reveal to the Germans our good points. Thus, the two books were to bring about an informal *entente cordiale* between the two nations. But their author was so indiscreet as to announce this rather naïve plan, and, in the end, he had to satisfy our curiosity as to what he had told his own people about us by permitting a translation of the later book. The present edition, since it is merely a reprint, not only keeps such slips as the one noted, but speaks always from the standpoint of 1904. Thus, "the last Presidential election" means, not the one of 1912, but of 1900. This, of course, does not vitiate the general reasoning of the book, which is occasionally illuminated by such fresh pictures as that of George Washington, "the popular, dashing, and yet cautious aristocrat."

THE task of compiling such a work as "A Dictionary of Mediæval Romance and Romance Writers" (Dutton; $1 net), by Lewis Spence, might well appall even the greatest living masters of mediæval literature. But a mere cursory examination of the book before us is sufficient to reveal the slenderness of Mr. Spence's qualifications for the enterprise. Take, for instance, an article of capital importance, such as that on Beowulf. With the Anglo-Saxon epic accessible in numerous modern English translations, it is a mystery why the author should furnish us with a synopsis of the poem that is marred by the grossest inaccuracies. According to Mr. Spence, Beowulf first learned about Grendel's ravages from a wandering minstrel who came from the court of "Hrodgar of Jutland" and who sang about these calamities before the hero at "a feast of victory." But these statements of the writer's are as pure a piece of romance as anything in the poem he is analyzing. One need not be surprised, then, that in the next sentence the "trial of strength with Breka" should be put between the time that Beowulf first heard about Grendel ("who lived in the morass near Hirschalle") and his setting out for Denmark (or Jutland, as Mr. Spence would have it). The article on "Breka" is itself a curiosity. French romance fares no better than English at the writer's hands. In the article on "Lancelot" it is stated, "The original legend of his life and adventures is probably the mediæval prose work entitled *Lancelot*," and then a few lines further on (correctly) that he first appears as Guinevere's lover in the "Chevalier de la Charrette" of Chrétien de Troyes. But the prose "Lancelot" is as much taken up with Lancelot's love for the Queen as Chrétien's poem—it even contains a prose rendering of most of the latter—and, as every student of the subject knows, it is altogether later than Chrétien. Mr. Spence refers to Lancelot's "amours" in the prose romance, as if he thought that that work were a sort of "Amours de Faublas." As a matter of fact, it is a glorification of the hero's fidelity to Guinevere—a fidelity from which he does not depart save when he is tricked in the affair of King Pelles's daughter, in order that he may beget the future victor of the Grail-Quest (Galahad).

JUST one specimen from the article on Chrétien de Troyes. Concerning the sources of this poet, Mr. Spence says: "It is quite likely that Chrétien utilized the works of writers now lost, but it is equally probable that he based his art on traditions sung by minstrels; and be that as it may, the fact remains that sundry manuscript copies of his tales, only preserved in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, are manifestly the earliest manuscripts enshrining stories of Arthur and his knights." Manuscripts of Chrétien are, of course, not confined to the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal nor even to Paris. Moreover, Geoffrey of Monmouth and Wace "enshrine" stories of Arthur and his knights. Both were earlier in date than Chrétien, and, as regards the unessential matter of the relative dates of the manuscripts which preserve the works of these writers, there is no reason to believe that even here the later poet enjoys any advantage. But what does the confused statement that begins this passage mean? It would be a waste of labor to point out other inaccuracies in this same article, or, indeed, to add anything further to the criticism of this worthless book.

"BEATING Back" (Appleton; $1.50 net), by Al Jennings and Will Irwin, is a true story of the real West, which is also an unusually interesting "human document." Fifteen years ago Al Jennings was a notorious bandit and train-robber in Oklahoma. Before that he had been a cowboy, a law student, a land-boomer, and a practicing lawyer. His career as a "long rider" came to an end with a term in the penitentiary. Since his release he has been "beating back" to success in the law and in politics. The history of such a man is bound to be worth listening to; and it has been extremely well told. In the introductory chapter Will Irwin says that he got Jennings to tell him the story in the presence of a stenographer, and that he has merely revised and "edited" the stenographic record. The narrative is simple and direct, without apologies or attempts at romantic idealization. Al Jennings was a born leader, and the very traits which landed him in jail would, in a cruder state of society, have assured his success. Not only in his emotional violence and promptness in action, but in his simple-heartedness, he seems to belong to an earlier time. More than once, when he is describing some outburst, one thinks of Benvenuto Cellini. Like Cellini, he was at the mercy of the moment's passion, and entirely indifferent to consequences. He is a good representative of the Southern pioneer type. Drifting into outlawry through a family feud, he preserved much of the code of the gentleman. His plucky and successful struggle for rehabilitation after his release proved the stuff that was in him.

THE author of "The Empress Frederick: A Memoir" (Dodd, Mead; $2.50 net) has chosen to remain anonymous, and we cannot but approve of his or her decision. The book is not one to be proud of, though it is free from scandal-mongering and contains some interesting glimpses of ever-watchful (and often mistaken) Baron Stockmar, hovering over the newly married Crown Princess Victoria, of the Prince Consort, writing ponderous "physiological treatises" to his daughter, and of rancorous Bismarck, pursuing the luckless English Princess, almost from the day of her entry into Berlin. She herself, as pictured in the volume, and as she doubtless was in reality, appears as a refined, kindly, and exemplary lady, whose chief defects were lack of tact and inability to adapt herself to the requirements of her position as future Queen of Prussia. It would be

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unfair to hold the heroine of this book responsible for the silly rôle which she is occasionally made to play by a gushing biographer, who faithfully chronicles that "the Princess Royal had a long engagement, probably the longest that any lady of her rank has had, at least in modern times, but the months as they went by were occupied with her father's sedulous preparation of her intellect, as well as with the more frivolous preparations of her trousseau," and who tells us (on the authority of the writer Gustav Putlitz) that "the Crown Princess is wonderfully well read; she has absolutely read everything, and knows it all more or less by heart." It is true, we are informed elsewhere that "the Empress, especially as a young woman, did not care very much for reading, though she was fond of being read aloud to, as are most Royal personages," but such contradictions must be looked for in the lives of those in high station, as told by modern biographers. Still, the volume before us is, on the whole, readable and, being compiled from good sources, is not without a certain value.

UNDER the title of "The Descendants of Jöran Kyn, of New Sweden" (Philadelphia: The Swedish Colonial Society), Dr. Gregory B. Keen has reprinted, with considerable additions, a series of articles originally contributed by him to the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* during the years 1878-1883. The family of Kyn, or Keen, shows wide ramifications, such well-known names as those of Cadwalader, Finney, McCall, Montgomery, Wharton, and Willing, with Lord Ashburton and John Jacob Astor, adorning the branches of the genealogical tree. The work has primary interest, of course, for the genealogist, but the historian will also find it a valuable supplement to Johnson's recent "History of the Swedish Settlements on the Delaware." A useful map of New Sweden serves as a frontispiece.

THREE volumes, "De Jure et Officiis Bellicis et Disciplina Militari," by Balthazar Ayala; a translation of the same, by John Pawley Bates, and "De Jure Belli ac Pacis," by Hugo Grotius (Carnegie Foundation of Washington, D. C.), are the first of a series of classics of International Law which are to be republished by the Carnegie Foundation, under the editorship of Dr. James Brown Scott, Secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Volume One contains a photographic reproduction of the first edition of Ayala's treatise on the Law of War, with an interesting introduction by John Westlake. The second volume consists of an excellent translation of the original, and in the third is presented a photographic reproduction of the edition of 1646 of Hugo Grotius's great work on the Law of War and Peace. This will be followed by a translation of the text by John D. Maguire.

TWO other treatises by Grotius will be republished, "De Jure Praedae Commentarius," prepared 1604-5, and "Mare Liberum," published 1609. At a later date, and in separate form, a general introduction to the three will appear, in which the relation of Grotius to his predecessors will be shown, as well as his influence upon the development of international law. While the masterpiece of Grotius will be the central point in the series, we are assured that "the works of his leading predecessors and successors will likewise be included." Indeed, the term classic is to be applied in a broad sense so as to include every work which has been a real contribution to the development of international law. One of the reasons for republishing these classics is to provide a supply for public and private libraries in this country. Ayala's treatise has been heretofore available to but few students and many of the writings of Grotius are almost unknown, even to persons who are learned in international law. The Carnegie Foundation, therefore, is rendering an important public service in popularizing these great classics. The form in which they appear is worthy of the endowment which sends them forth, and bears additional testimony to the artistic taste of the distinguished bibliophile who is their general editor.

THE Peabody Museum of Harvard University has recently published as No. 3 of Vol. V of the Memoirs, "A Preliminary Study of the Pre-Historic Ruins of Nakum, Guatemala," by Alfred M. Tozzer. Nakum, discovered by Count Perigny and partially cleared by him, was visited by the Museum Expedition of 1909-10. Although containing ruins of considerable extent and situated near Tikal in Peten, the region of the oldest Maya culture, Nakum proved to be remarkably poor in hieroglyphic inscriptions. Fifteen stelæ and eleven altars are reported by Dr. Tozzer, but only three of the stelæ and none of the altars showed any carving. One stela contained an inscription consisting of nine double glyphs arranged in a single vertical line, but no dates could be made out. On another stela, now fallen and badly broken, was a finely carved head-dress. Dr. Tozzer inclines to the belief that the failure to find carved decoration on the Nakum monuments would seem to indicate that some form of painted design had formerly adorned the smooth faces of the stelæ and altars. Following the custom of recent Harvard expeditions to Central America, it was the object of the expedition to Nakum to search for monuments and buildings bearing sculptures and hieroglyphic inscriptions, rather than to make excavations. Consequently, as an addition to American archæology, the report is disappointing except from the point of view of architecture, where it maintains the usual high standard set by the Museum Memoirs. Unfortunately for the pictorial results of the expedition, there is little at Nakum to show the Maya fondness for architectural decoration. "The façades are almost entirely plain, broken by a simple medial moulding. The cornices are usually quite as undecorative as the mouldings, often no more than the simplest of string courses." The few shards which are figured, and which were found near the level of the ground, are so interesting that one wishes more time had been spent in procuring others. The heliotype plates give an excellent idea of the difficulties under which the explorers had to labor, but it is a pity that more pains were not taken to clear the ground of the forest refuse. The drawings in the text are moderately satisfactory, although figure 95, "Portion of Head of Old Woman," looks more like the head of a camel or a very cross burro!

WE comment elsewhere upon the death of Baroness Bertha von Suttner, which occurred on June 21, in Vienna. Baroness von Suttner was born in Prague in 1843, the daughter of the Austrian Field Marshal, Count Franz von Kinsky, and married Baron Gundaar von Suttner in 1876. Her book, "Ground Arms," which was published in 1890, gained for her the Nobel peace prize which she herself had been largely instrumental in establishing when she was secretary to its founder, Dr. Alfred B. Nobel. Baroness von Suttner was honorary president of the International Peace Bureau, in Berne, Switzerland, and was a member of the advisory council to the Carnegie Peace Foundation. In addition to "Ground Arms," she was the author of "The Age of Machinery," "Martha's Children," "Letters to a Dead Man," "The Great Thoughts of Humanity," and "The Romance of an Author."

PROF. JOHN R. S. STERRETT, the eminent archæologist and head of the department of Greek at Cornell University since 1901, died on June 16. He was born in Rockbridge Baths, Va., on March 4, 1851, and was educated at the Universities of Virginia, Berlin, Leipzig, Athens, and Munich. He received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Munich in 1880, and the honorary degree of LL.D. from Aberdeen in 1902. Professor Sterrett had been leader of various archæological expeditions in Asia Minor, and was professor at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, 1896-7. He was joint editor of Cornell *Classical Studies*, and associate editor of the *American Journal of Archæology*, and recently had edited and translated the "Strabo" for the Loeb Classical Library. Among his publications are: "Qua in re Hymni Homerici quinque majores inter se differant," 1881; "Inscriptions of Sebaste"; "Inscriptions of Assos," 1885; "Inscriptions of Tralles," 1885; "Epigraphical Journey in Asia Minor," 1888; "Leaflets from the Notebook of a Travelling Archæologist," 1889; "The Torch-Race," 1902; "The Iliad of Homer," 1907; "A Call of Contemporary Society for Research in Asia Minor and Syria," 1911.

BENNET BURLEIGH, the war correspondent, who had been on the staff of the London *Daily Telegraph* since 1882, died on June 16, at the age of seventy. Mr. Burleigh was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and fought in the Civil War in this country on the Confederate side. He was twice captured and sentenced to death by the Northern troops. He was Central News correspondent throughout the first Egyptian war, being present at Tel-el-Kebir, and represented the *Daily Telegraph* in the second phase of the same war. He was in the French campaign in Madagascar and accompanied the desert column from Korti to Metammah in 1884, being present at the battles of Abu Klea and Abu Kru, and receiving mention in

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dispatches. Other campaigns in which he took part included: The Ashanti expedition, the Spanish Riff campaign, the Greek war, the Atbara expedition, when he was present at Omdurman; the South African war; the Somaliland war; the Russo-Japanese war, and the Italian campaign in Tripoli. He was the author, among other works, of "Two Campaigns" and "Empire of the East."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

TWO years ago something of a stir was made in English political circles by the biographical sketch of King Edward VII, published in a supplementary volume of the Dictionary of National Biography. The writer, Sir Sidney Lee, aroused no little comment by his story of the strange hot-house methods adopted by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort for their son's education, and by his frank recognition of certain disqualifications from which the late King suffered when he came to the throne. That this article should have been written with the approval of the Court was a notable sign of the times, especially when one remembers the indignation shown by Queen Victoria at the freedom of the Greville Memoirs. So far from having any black marks recorded against him for his dictionary article, Sir Sidney has received official sanction for the preparation of a full-length biography of the same subject.

THERE came into force in England on June 9 a new code of rules relating to procedure *in forma pauperis*. One provision raises the income limit under which a litigant may avail himself of this procedure. It is further provided that, if such a litigant is successful and recovers a substantial sum, his solicitor may receive payment for his trouble. As originally drawn up, the new rules provided that the barrister should be paid also, but the Bar Council raised the objection that, by the etiquette of the profession, counsel's fee on a brief must be fixed beforehand. Barristers undertaking these cases must, therefore, do their work for nothing, and a panel of qualified persons willing to render this service has been prepared. An important feature of the new rules is that, unlike the old, they will apply to the Divorce Court, and will thus make that court accessible to poor persons, who hitherto, for reasons of expense, have had to be content with separation orders granted by the magistrates. With the object of still further diminishing the handicap from which poor litigants suffer, a public fund is about to be started, with high legal sanction, for the assistance of those who, even with a free lawyer to help them, are debarred from seeking redress in the courts through the difficulty of finding out-of-pocket expenses, *e. g.*, the railway fares of their witnesses.

THE rank and file of Liberal politicians are becoming more and more uneasy at the prospect of heavy losses through three-cornered contests at the next English general election. The leaders of the party are hoping to effect some arrangement with the Labor leaders by which certain progressive seats shall be apportioned to Liberalism and others to Labor. This policy, however, is likely to be extremely difficult to carry through, owing to the strength of local feeling on both sides. The very attempt at conciliation only increases the friction in many constituencies. It is widely believed that the only satisfactory solution will be some measure of electoral reform—whether by proportional representation, or alternative vote, or second ballot—but, so far, no one of these schemes has been able to command anything like unanimous support.

TEMPERANCE reformers in Great Britain, in their desire to shorten the legal hours of "the trade," have usually attempted to effect the earlier closing of the saloons at night. A new Scottish Temperance act begins at the other end by compelling them to keep shut in the morning until ten, instead of eight, as hitherto. The innovation came into force at the beginning of June, and appears to have aroused little objection, even in the shipyard district of Glasgow. The prediction that men would stay away from work until the public-houses were opened has not been fulfilled. The police are keeping an alert lookout against the possibility of shebeening.

SEVERAL British scientists hope to turn to profitable account the weeks that will be occupied by their journey to the British Association meetings in Australia. The Ascanius, by which a party of seventy will leave Liverpool on June 22, will be fitted up with biological laboratories. Prof. W. A. Herdman will make an intensive study of the plankton, and Professor Duffield will carry out researches to test how gravity varies over the deep and shallow parts of the ocean, with a view to distinguishing between rival theories accounting for the conformation of the earth's surface.

THE University of London is establishing a Chair of Town Planning, whose occupant will work in coöperation with the professors of architecture and municipal engineering. The new professor, besides giving lectures and holding classes, will supervise the town-planning work of regular students in the drawing office and will organize the summer school of this subject, to be held this year from August 1 to 15. No less than two hundred town-planning schemes are at present under the consideration of the Local Government Board.

AT the end of the Avant-propos of the sixteenth volume of "L'Empire Libéral," the author, the late Emile Ollivier, wrote: "I supplicate his Majesty Death to accord me the time to finish this work; then I will follow him docilely, without complaining, and in perfect confidence, for I am sure he will lead me where it is good that I should go." These words were written in 1912, and M. Ollivier continued to labor incessantly on his task until a month before his death, last August. The forthcoming seventeenth volume, which will end this long series, and which closes with September 4, 1870, the day of the declaration of the Third Republic, was one of the four or five volumes written some fifteen or twenty years ago; for when M. Ollivier started on this undertaking, he wrote first the last part of the period to be treated, with which he was more familiar, and with which he had been more intimately connected. But before sending any of the volumes to the printer, he went carefully over the manuscript, practically rewriting them. He was in the midst of this revision of the seventeenth volume, when overtaken by death. "You will find it all ready for the press," he would say to his faithful wife, amanuensis and collaborator, as he felt his strength gradually failing him. He was mistaken in this, however. The very end is lacking. Though a thorough search has been made among all his papers, the closing chapter, devoted to Sédan, when the curtain was finally rung down on the Second Empire, can be found nowhere, and the volume will be published in the autumn in this truncated form. In the meantime, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will print two or three articles, as was done with the preceding volumes, taken from the pages of the future book.

THE management of the National Gallery, better known as the Corsini Gallery, in Rome has for some years past adopted the custom of periodically organizing special exhibitions of the works of different artists. They have now arranged an interesting show of the paintings of Michelangelo da Caravaggio, the most realistic Italian painter of the end of the seventeenth century. The occasion was the gift of the picture known as Narcissus at the Font, presented to the gallery by a Russian diplomat, M. Khvostchinsky, and they have collected in the three print rooms a number of other works by the same master scattered among the various public and private collections of the city. The Narcissus represents a young man in a page's costume gazing at his own image in a pool, and so disturbed at the sight that he tries to efface it by stirring up the water. Of the other pictures now on view the most important are the Magdalen and the Rest in Egypt, from the Doria collection; the St. Anthony, from the Church of SS. Cosma and Damian the Anchorite, from the Capuchin Church in Via Veneto; the Madonna dei Palafrenièri, from the Borghese Gallery; the portrait of Paul V, lent by Prince Borghese, of which a replica presented by that Pope himself is in the possession of the Mikado, and a number of works already in the Corsini Gallery.

A VOLUME entitled "Camillo Cavour e Mélanie Waldor" has just been brought out by Prof. Francesco Ruffini, who has been entrusted by the relatives of Count Cavour with a large number of the statesman's private papers. In it we are shown Cavour in a new and unexpected light, that of a hero of a love romance. The novel in question is "Alphonse et Juliette," which appeared anonymously in Paris in 1839, and caused a considerable flutter in the fashionable and literary circles of the French capital, being obviously a *roman à clef*. Signor Ruffini has proved that the author was Mélanie Waldor, a lady for whom Cavour had conceived a great passion, and that Cavour himself was the hero.

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Science

PRIMITIVE MAN.

Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages. By the late Rt. Hon. Lord Avebury. Seventh and revised edition. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.

The latest edition of this classical work enjoys the unusual distinction of having been finally revised by the author fifty years after it was originally written. One of the first of Lord Avebury's extended works, it was thus essentially his last, and it is presumably as perfect as he was able to make it. Treating of a fascinating theme, written in a direct and befitting style, admirably printed and illustrated, with typographical errors generally eliminated, this standard treatise on man in his earliest and humblest estate goes far towards bridging the gap between biology and civic history, even if it does not accomplish the impossible feat of converting archæology into history itself.

One can but reflect that this latest issue of "Prehistoric Times" will be greeted by a very different audience from that which was startled or even scandalized by Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," in 1863, but two years before the début of Lord Avebury's work. The tide of protest and dissent was then rising against the new Darwinian concepts, that Lyell had strongly endorsed, and Archbishop Laud's chronology was in force in all the schools. This latter anachronism survived to a much later day, when schoolboys were taught to head their lists of historical dates with the "Noachian Deluge in 2348," and the "creation of man in 4004 B. C.," some jovial spirits, we believe, adding even the day of the week, and the hour.

The present and prevailing attitude of man towards his own history is a register of the remarkable accommodation in thought which has been effected in the past fifty years. That it is a legitimate and fruitful attitude the advances in prehistoric archæology, as recorded in this work, to speak of no other science, bear unimpeachable witness. We are no longer startled to hear that the negro was living in Africa when the Sahara Desert was a great inland sea, that man has dwelt in northern France nearly or quite as long as its rivers have been cutting their channels to the ocean, that man or semi-man was using rude stone tools in the Miocene Period of the Tertiary Age, at a time so remote that every other contemporary mammal has become extinct, that the age of man, as *man*, upon our earth is probably to be measured, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands of years, while for life in general upon our planet, one hundred million years is regarded by the author as a conservative estimate. "In fact," says the judicious Avebury, "all the evidence of geology seems to me to indicate an antiquity of which we are but beginning to form a dim idea." "Our belief in the antiquity of man," he continues, "rests not on any isolated calculation, but on the changes which have taken place since his appearance," and more especially changes in the geography, the fauna, and the climate of Europe, where early man has been more successfully studied; yet it is only in those parts of the earth that possessed a tropical climate that we can expect to find, if at all, the earliest traces of man's immediate ancestry.

When it is considered that primitive man has left to posterity not alone his bones, but in many cases his dwellings, his tombs, his temples, and fortifications, besides a vast store of tools and ornaments, the progress of knowledge in this fascinating field of research is not so surprising. Modern man seems to have discarded every one of those primitive implements save the club, and nearly every ornament but the safety-pin, which was an invention of the Bronze Age, and which, therefore, according to Lord Avebury's calculation, night be from five thousand to seven housand years old.

Little is known of man, or his ancestry, in Tertiary times, excepting that the relics of his workmanship at that most remote epoch are generally so rude as to be hardly recognizable as tool or weapon, that he led a social or communal life, and that he matched his brains with the brawn of the big beasts of his day and won. To follow his history through the more certain Palæolithic Period of the Drift, when he slew and ate the cave-bear and the mammoth, the rein-deer and the woolly rhinoceros, and protected his body from the cold of the glacial climate with their skins, through the later Neolithic Age of polished stone, and the subsequent ages of Bronze and Iron, to more modern times, is the task which the author has performed in his admirable style.

In the Palæolithic or early stone age people sought no better habitations than the caves carved by the hand of nature along the courses of rivers or by the sea, and they knew no metal but gold; many thousands of years were required to learn to polish and perforate their rude but effective implements, and many more thousands were needed to discover the value and use of copper, one of the most abundant and most easily worked of all the metals. The Bronze Age, which began in its first period with the use of this metal alone, is thought to date from 5,000 B. C. in the East, but from 2500 B. C. in Western Europe, so slowly did the knowledge of nature and the arts diffuse among primitive men.

Early civilization, when viewed in the light of existing remains, seems to have followed with remarkable precision the rise of the arts of extracting and using the metals. Though gold was early valued as an ornament, it yielded to copper in real importance to primitive human needs. Tin was probably sought on account of its weight, and in times of scarcity it might have been added to the copper to supply the necessary weight, thus, as the author suggests, leading to the discovery of bronze, an alloy that would be seen to possess different and most useful properties. No tin weapons have ever been found, and those of pure copper are very rare.

When Columbus reached the New World, Central America was still in the Age of Bronze, while the less-advanced Indians far to the north were in an age intermediate between that of stone and copper, since some of them used native copper as a stone, working it cold. The potter's wheel, an invention of the Iron Age in Europe, was unknown to them, as it was to the Mound Builders whom they had supplanted, and who resembled the more advanced Indian tribes. Iron was then unknown in America except to a people living near the mouth of the River La Platte.

The archæologist often digs deep into the dust-bin of time to find only a few scattered objects that had been casually lost, or ravishes an ancient tomb that yields him rich and important data, but fortune actually smiles upon him when he discovers a genuine hoard; this may consist of treasures once hidden away and lost, or of the entire stock in trade of some primitive workman, his workshop forsooth, with all its contents. The greatest of all such hoards was discovered in 1877, when in the course of digging for a sewer in the streets of Bologna a great vase of bronze was encountered, containing no less than 14,800 objects in that metal and three small bits of precious iron.

The ores of iron being less striking in appearance than those of copper, and the metal far more stubborn than bronze, the art of working it was long delayed. The Romans found the inhabitants of northern Britain well equipped with iron weapons, set with bronze handles, and Lord Avebury thinks that they had been using this metal there for nearly a thousand years, its earliest known use beginning in the East and in Southern Europe as early at least as 1500 B. C. Very plausible is the suggestion that some primitive man may have used a lump of iron ore as one of the enclosing stones of his hearth, where, meeting with a strong blast and the necessary charcoal, the metal was thus casually produced, and this unlet-

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tered savage, being more observant than his fellows, turned his epoch-making discovery to good account.

That palæolithic man of the Quaternary Period had some taste and skill in the graphic arts has long been known, as proved not only by his sculptures and engravings on stone and bone, but by the numerous and excellent colored pictures which were executed on the walls of his cave-dwellings. Some of the most notable of these wall decorations were found in the cave of Altamira, in Spain, nearly forty years ago, and later at Combarelles, in France, where sixty-four figures of entire animals and forty-three heads were to be seen, representing horses, bison, reindeer, the mammoth, the ibex, and the antelope. Still more recently the caves in the classical locality of Les Eyzies, and of Font-de-Gaume, in Dordogne, have yielded an even longer, if not more famous, series.

The earliest actual remains of man yet discovered in northern Europe pertain to three well-marked races or types, the Neanderthal, the Cromagnon, and Chancelade, of which the first was pronounced by Professor Huxley to be the "most pithecoid of human crania yet discovered." Still a fourth race, of the negroid type, and resembling the Bushmen or Hottentots, has been disclosed by the interesting caves of Grimaldi, near Mentone, close to the Mediterranean Sea, where sixteen skeletons were recovered, and two of them were nearly complete. As to the famous Pithecanthropus skull, found in Java, and at a depth of thirty feet in gravel, of either Pleiocene or Pleistocene age, Lord Avebury was in doubt "whether it should be described as that of a large gibbon, or as belonging to a man of a very small and distinct race." But, excepting this fragment, most ape-like of all such remains are those recently unearthed at Piltdown, in Sussex, England. "The lower jaw," in this instance, says Lord Avebury, "if found by itself, would certainly have been referred to an anthropoid ape, though the teeth are decidedly human." The skull is extremely thick, and the brain, as indicated by a cast that it was possible to secure, is so inferior as to imply little or no powers of articulate speech, and though more man than ape, one naturalist has regarded it as representing not only a different species, but a different genus.

The author, as is well known, finds many a text in the life of the modern savage to illustrate the history of primitive man, and the four concluding chapters, which deal with these analogies, abound in interesting and pertinent comment. "The Van Diemaner and the South American," says the author, "are to the antiquary what the opossum and the sloth are to the geologist."

Drama

THE LONDON SEASON.

AMERICAN PLAYS IN ENGLAND—ZANGWILL'S "PLASTER SAINTS"—THE IRISH PLAYERS—"COMMAND" PERFORMANCES.

LONDON, June 9.

The Providence which placed Manhattan Island in the latitude of Gibraltar or thereabouts seems to have had a special eye to the development of an Anglo-American drama. For, just when the heat-waves begin to flow over New York and drive people to the coast, to the mountains, or to the roof-gardens, the British summer, setting in with its usual severity, gathers all the world to London for "the season." The result is that London adds a supplementary ten weeks to the twenty-five or thirty weeks of the New York theatrical year. Mr. Cyril Maude, having run "Grumpy" in New York to the verge of the close time, can bring it over to England and find a fresh set of audiences eager to welcome his senile Sherlock Holmes. "Potash & Perlmutter" can renew on Shaftesbury Avenue their Broadway popularity; and American visitors, having, so to speak, drained the New York season to its dregs, can easily arrive in time to skim the cream of the London season—not this year a very rich cream, it must be confessed.

The success of the two plays above mentioned shows how little "the cold interposition of the sea" really counts in things theatrical. What could be more English than "Grumpy"? Yet it drew all New York. What more American than "Potash & Perlmutter"? Yet all London is talking of it and flocking to it. Every now and then an American manager, disappointed in some speculation, raises a bitter plaint as to a "conspiracy" in England against American productions. Nothing could be more chimerical. The taste of London is not exactly the same as that of New York—no more is the taste of Boston or of Chicago. Productions that have caught the fancy of New York will now and then fall flat on this side—sometimes for obvious reasons, sometimes for no reason that can easily be assigned. But the notion that there is any general prejudice against American plays, either among the critics or the public, is absolutely unfounded. Americanism, so long as it is comprehensible, is an added attraction rather than the reverse. Some sorts of Americanism are incomprehensible—for instance, it is no use sending us a baseball play, for neither the language nor the feeling can awaken any general response. But where we understand we are quick to appreciate; and American plays performed by American actors have a much better chance than if important parts are taken by English actors. Indeed, the difficulty of duplicating the American performance is a serious check to the popularity of American drama in England. I could name several New York productions of recent years which would have had a great success in London could they have been transported, stock, lock, and barrel, across the Atlantic. But, as this could not be arranged, they either were not presented at all, or, being presented, failed.

The three P's—"Pygmalion" and "Potash & Perlmutter"—are, I fancy, the only marked successes of the present season. "My Lady's Dress," by Mr. Edward Knoblauch, at the Royalty, seems, however, to have survived the rather frigid reception accorded to it by the critics. It is a harmless dream-play, illustrating, in half-a-dozen detached episodes, the lives of the people who have contributed to the production of a three-hundred-dollar dinner gown. The heroine (Miss Gladys Cooper) and her husband (Mr. Dennis Eadie) impersonate in turn the leading characters in the different playlets. No attempt is made either to present the shifting, elusive dream-atmosphere, or to give the episodes any clear sociological import. Whatever success the play may achieve will be mainly due, I imagine, to the last act, which illustrates briefly and poignantly the hard fate of a Bond Street "mannequin."

At Wyndham's Theatre Mr. Alfred Sutro (greatly aided by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier and Miss Marie Löhr) has achieved a fifty-night run with "The Clever Ones," a very light comedy which is supposed to satirize the affectations and extravagances of feminine "intellectuals." The types presented are not very recognizable; but there is some humor in the intrigue, which shows how a young man of great wealth and irreproachably commonplace opinions pretends to be a workingman anarchist in order to win the heart of a pedantic Girton girl, who is in revolt against all the social conventions. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has scored an undisguised failure with "The Great Gamble" at the Haymarket. It interwove a rather futile comic plot with a rather foolish idyllic underplot. There was, however, some humor in its character-drawing, a good deal of charm in its setting, among the firs and silver birches of the Black Forest.

A much more ambitious play than any of these is Mr. Zangwill's "Plaster Saints," which has succeeded "The Melting Pot" at the Comedy Theatre. Its theme is practically that of the late Harold Frederic's powerful novel, "The Damnation of Theron Ware"; but in Mr. Zangwill's version it might rather be called "The Salvation of Rodney Vaughan." The clerical protagonist,

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esteemed, eloquent, middle-aged, and married, has seduced his typist, with unfortunate but not unforeseeable results. By a course of brilliant and enthusiastic lying, he almost, but not quite, prevents the discovery of the intrigue. When it comes to his wife's knowledge, she, poor, simple woman, thinks that he ought to resign his pastorate and the leadership of a White Slave Crusade. He is at first quite sincerely shocked by this narrow view, urging that he is now better qualified than ever to denounce sin, since he now knows what he is talking about. Eventually, however, he does step down from his pulpit and devote himself to the service of God in some lay capacity. The play is ably put together, and contains some "strong" scenes, but is, I think, below Mr. Zangwill's best intellectual level. I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact that it has elicited warm commendation from Mr. Hall Caine.

The Irish Players, at the Court Theatre, are having a fairly successful season, yet not so successful as they deserve—they ought to have crowded houses every night. It happens that I have not seen them for several years, and rumors had reached me that they had deteriorated. I can find no justification for this report. Their art seems to me as sincere, as simple, and, within its limits, as appealing as ever it was. Perhaps my love of the brogue, and the exquisite syntax that goes along with it, renders me over-sympathetic; but where, I wonder, has there been such a Peasant Theatre in the world before? The actors, I fancy, are townsfolk rather than peasants, but they have studied the peasant and know how to reproduce him—and her—with delicately faithful art. And their modest, seemly little theatre in Dublin has had the luck to gather round it rare poets, strong, unsophisticated realists, and original, racy humorists—all the factors, indeed, that go to the making of a fine dramatic literature. Or rather (let me be accurate), all the factors but one—for a dialect theatre cannot extend its portrayal and criticism of life into the domain of wealth and culture. The drawing-room, after all, has as good a right to be mirrored on the stage as the cottar's cabin. But a generation which has almost stifled in the close air of the conventional stage drawing-room cannot be too grateful to the artists who lead them "back to the soil" in the Irish Theatre.

The principal novelty of the present season has been a tragic play, "The Supplanter," by Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy, reported to be a rural postman. It shows how a widow woman, owner of a prosperous farm, disregarding the entreaties of her only son, marries a drunken ruffian; how prosperity at once deserts the household, and how the stepson, constantly insulted and robbed by the stepfather, is at last goaded into killing him. Certainly it is not a great play; it deals with very simple characters, and its technique is purely instinctive; but the very absence of complication and artifice renders it, within its limits, a work of true and delicate art. Profounder in its tragedy is "Maurice Harte," by Mr. T. C. Murray, now some two or three years old. It portrays the ruin wrought in a peasant household by the parents' insensate ambition to force their eldest son into the priesthood, in spite of his lack of vocation. The theme is one of profound significance, and it is treated with an admirable mingling of humor and pathos. For the rest, the company has been relying mainly on such ever-welcome material as "The Playboy of the Western World," "Kathleen-ni-Houlihan," and Lady Gregory's delightful drolls. For my part, I have never found more to admire in the work of this brave little band of artists.

Thanks to the suffragettes—or "outragettes," as they are now called—you have perhaps heard in America of a royal "command" performance which took place a couple of weeks ago at His Majesty's Theatre, in aid of a theatrical charity. All the leading actors of the day vied with one another to take part in the brilliant function. And what, think you, was the classic chosen for ennoblement by the flower of England's histrionic genius in the august presence of Majesty? Was it, perhaps, "Julius Cæsar" or "King Henry IV" or "King Henry V" or even, say, "The School for Scandal"? No, it was one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's early melodramas, "The Silver King"—a stirring play of its class and time, but without the smallest pretension to intellectual or literary quality. In one respect, however, this choice was a welcome innovation; for Mr. Jones is, after all, a living playwright, whereas the works hitherto chosen for such occasions have always been either "Money" or "London Assurance"—dead plays of the very deadest period of English theatrical history. Could anything be more tragi-comic than the idea of entertaining the German Emperor—the owner of five great theatres where all the German classics (including Shakespeare) are constantly performed—with a scratch representation of such a piece of antiquated fustian as "Money"? It is a serious scandal that the court should never by any chance betray the slightest consciousness that a revival of English drama has been one of the most conspicuous features of the Edwardian and Georgian period. Of the King himself I desire to speak with the sincerest respect. He is a brave man, doing his arduous and difficult duty with admirable devotion. It is no part of his duty to possess dramatic knowledge or insight. The scandal is that the functionaries of the Lord Chamberlain's department, to whom is entrusted the censorship of the stage, and who ought to guide his Majesty in the proper exertion of the influence he possesses, or might easily possess, should show themselves so cynically careless of the interests of the living drama. It is, of course, a gross abuse that entrusts a junta of court officials with autocratic power over the stage; but since the unwisdom of our ancestors has so ordered it, they might at least show some little sense of the responsibilities which go with autocracy.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Dunmow, in Essex, famous for its matrimonial flitch of bacon, is the home of a growing literary and artistic colony, whose members are starting a "neighborhood theatre." The actors, as well as the stage decorator, are local residents. Just now they are giving a play, "The Furriner," in which almost all the characters are required to speak the Essex dialect. Among the leading assistants in this experiment are S. L. Bensusan, the author of this play, and J. W. Robertson-Scott, who, under the pseudonym of "Home Counties," is well known as a writer on the English village life of to-day.

The great vogue of the picture palace in England has led to the formation of an Educational Kinematograph Association, on whose committee several leading educational and social welfare societies are represented. The difficulty with so many of these shows is that films not bad enough to be prohibited by the censor may still be objectionable in their influence on children. Reports from school inspectors and teachers give convincing testimony of the injurious effect of the new habit, not only on the eyesight of boys and girls, but on their interest in their school work and on their moral sense. Besides doing what it can to eliminate undesirable pictures, the Association will develop plans for the use of the kinema in schools. At Rochdale already the local educational authorities arrange matinées for the children.

Brandon Thomas, the playwright, who died in London on June 19, was born in Liverpool on December 25, 1856. He was trained as a civil engineer, but in 1879 abandoned that profession to go on the stage, where he had a successful career for twenty-eight years. He toured America in 1885, in the company of Rosina Vokes. Brandon Thomas, however, was better known as an author than as an actor. He wrote a dozen or more comedies, the first one being "Comrades," produced in 1882, but his most successful play was "Charley's Aunt," of "still-running" fame, which was originally produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1892, with W. S. Penley in the leading rôle, and which ran continuously for four years. The play has been frequently revived, and has had many thousand performances in all parts of the world and in numerous languages.

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Music

PROBLEMS, PUBLIC AND INDIVIDUAL.

Studies in Musical Education: History and Æsthetics. Eighth Series. Hartford, Conn. $1.60.

Cincinnati has for many years held a prominent place among the musical centres of this country. The steps by which it reached its eminence are described by Frank R. Ellis in the opening pages of the "Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association" for 1913. As far back as 1835 Harriet Martineau was impressed by noting how the spirit of Mozart "swayed and inspired a silent crowd" in a place which had not long before been "a canebrake, echoing with the bellow and growl of wild beasts." A Handel and Haydn Society was organized a decade later, and when Theodore Thomas began his May festivals in 1873 there was at his disposal a trained choir of 2,000 voices. Ever since that time Cincinnati has been noted for its festivals, which are self-supporting. Reuben R. Springer gave the city a Music Hall and an organ which at that time was the biggest and finest in the country. Add to these the local Symphony Orchestra and the College of Music, and we have the chief factors which together made musical Cincinnati famous. Mr. Ellis does not attempt to explain why this same city refuses to patronize performances given within its walls by first-class visiting opera companies.

Another retrospective article in this volume is concerned with the early history of public-school music in the United States. Here again Cincinnati plays a leading part. It was in Ohio and New England that the earliest interest in public-school music seems to have developed. In Massachusetts, Lowell Mason looms up large. The history and work of the Schola Cantorum in Rome, which preserved its identity and organization unbroken for almost eight hundred years, is told by Charles Winfred Douglas. The ideals of this school, which were disseminated among bodies of similar name throughout Europe, are worthy of the serious attention of all choral organizations in our country.

"Class and Private Lessons for Singers" and "The Singer's Control of Speech" are the titles of two other papers of interest to singers included in this volume. Five papers are devoted to public-school problems; several others, to the standardization of music teaching and music examinations in France. Johannes Miersch, of the Cincinnati College of Music, relates that at the National Conservatory in Paris there is a preliminary examination at which all the pupils play the same piece, their performance deciding whether they are to be admitted to the final test. This occurs in the month of July; he remembers a *concours* on a day when the thermometer rose to 105 degrees in the shade, "when the long hours of waiting for one's turn, which might be No. 1 or No. 39, became physical and mental torture."

Arthur Farwell, who for several years was Supervisor of Municipal Concerts in New York, contributes a paper in which he discusses the problem of how to reach with the best music the 95 per cent. of the people who are not able to attend expensive concerts. The present system of municipal concerts is one of the results of the Gaynor Administration. Band concerts are given in some thirty parks in different parts of the city, and in Central Park there are orchestral concerts. Mr. Farwell expresses the opinion that if there were several great orchestral centres, with proper acoustic conditions, they would accomplish more for the people that is worth while than is done by a number of concerts by small bands producing "the old war horses and trivial modern novelties." He is anxious to have such things kept from the orchestral programmes. "The mood of almost religious exaltation and serenity which prevails at these concerts would make ragtime seem ridiculous and even sacrilegious." Perhaps Mr. Farwell, like many others, overrates the inborn musical intelligence of the masses.

The trend of modern composition is described in a trenchant article by Edgar Stillman Kelley. When he was a student at Leipzig Carl Reinecke once said to him: "Some composers begin to modulate before they have established a key," which, of course, "destroys the pleasure derived from contrasting key-colors." The latest of the progressives abolish keys altogether, as they do melody and concord. Some of them, so it is said, insist that our large cities and factories create such a variety of interesting noises that mere musical sounds no longer excite the slightest emotion. This may be persiflage—but one cannot tell, in these days of musical anarchy. One thing all the "futurists" lack—the art of creating melodies. They remind Professor Kelley of the princess who had "the ability to say nothing in seven languages."

On the most important of all musical questions—that of expression—new light is thrown by two papers on "Musical Editing," by Waldo S. Pratt and W. J. Baltzell, and one on "Musical Interpretation," by Mary Venable, who explains, among other things, why Hans von Bülow forbade the use of his own editions of the classics to his pupils. Mr. Baltzell calls attention to the need of caution in buying music. Much of it is carelessly marked by the composers and needs editing, while a very large proportion of the remainder is what has been called "music engraver's phrasing"—a symmetrical and uniform series of slurs of a measure or two in length, absolutely at variance with the construction of the composition. For this reason he has no faith in the scheme of bringing out an edition of classical and modern works without any editing whatever. What, in his opinion, would be desirable is the appointment of a committee to consider the question of uniformity in the use of signs of musical expression, to be submitted to American publishers for their acceptance. It is to be hoped that this will be done.

We have touched on a few only of the more important questions discussed in this suggestive volume. Copies of it may be obtained of Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford, Conn. HENRY T. FINCK.

A fund is being raised in London to purchase an annuity for Alfred Forman, who translated "Tristan" and "Parsifal," and whom Wagner addressed as "noble friend," but who now finds himself retired from a long career in the service of the Post Office without a pension or other means of subsistence. The subscription list is headed by the Earl of Dysart, at whose residence (Ham House, Richmond) the Wagnerites used to congregate on Sundays a generation ago.

The surprise of the Drury Lane opera season has not been the success of the Russian operas—which was generally anticipated—but the enthusiastic reception given to "The Magic Flute." The spectators are described by one of the critics as behaving like so many Mozart experts. "One could feel their settling down before some famous aria, then listening with rapt attention, and, at the close of the aria, relapsing with a slight rustle and waiting till the last note in the orchestra died away before breaking out into noisy clapping of hands." The unexpected popularity of this opera is believed to be due to the excellence of all its performers, including the musicians in the orchestra, which is particularly efficient in the strings.

Parisians had an opportunity a few weeks ago to hear Richard Strauss at the piano during a whole recital. It was given by Franz Steiner, who sang eleven of Strauss's songs, two of which, "Wiegenlied" and "Ich Schwebe," he had to repeat. Strauss also played, with Hekking, his sonata for piano and violoncello.

Weingartner has communicated to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* his plans as "Generalmusikdirektor" of Darmstadt. He will obtain some prominent singers and increase the orchestra as well as the chorus. Special attention is to be given next season to "Otello" and "Figaro." He will also conduct the Darmstadt symphony concerts as well as those of the Vienna Philharmonic.

Philadelphia now has, under the able direction of Leopold Stokowsky, one of the best orchestras in America. A big list of soloists has been obtained for next season. It includes Alma Gluck, Olga

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Samaroff, Louise Homer, Efrem Zimbalist, Ferruccio Busoni, Schumann-Heink, Harold Bauer, Willy Burmester, Elena Gerhardt, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Fritz Kreisler, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Carl Flesch, Harold Randolph, Jacques Thibaud, and Josef Hofmann.

During the first three months of this year Wagner's "Parsifal" was heard in Europe by about seven hundred thousand persons who would never have been able to enjoy this work if the Bayreuth monopoly had been continued. Twenty-five European opera houses gave 314 performances of it in the original German, while French, Spanish, Italian, and Bohemian versions were also heard.

Art

We have already reviewed favorably Lisle March Philipps's thoughtful study, "Art and Environment," and have now only to note its inclusion in the list of Henry Holt & Co.

Sir Charles Waldstein's two lectures before the Royal Academy students on "Greek Sculpture and Modern Art" (Putnam; $2.50 net) are now handsomely printed by the Cambridge University Press, with some seventy-five illustrations. In these two eminently judicious discourses the lecturer hit the tone of the place and audience with fairly Attic tact. We seem to have heard much the same plea for harmony, much the same reprehension of individual extravagance from a distinguished line of Academy speakers reaching back to Sir Joshua himself. Sir Charles did no discredit to the ritual theme while naturally failing to invest it with much novelty. Despite the title, modern art barely shows its head, and then in the rather atypical impersonation of Rodin.

A mass of eighteenth-century anecdotes with a sprinkling of orthodox moral comment and a modicum of biography may sufficiently describe Mrs. Bearne's "A Court Painter and His Circle, François Boucher" (McBride; $4 net). The whole is carried off with a rather dizzy kind of vivacity suggestive of the parlor lecture. There are some thirty illustrations, of which a few relate to Boucher. The whole mixture will be most attractive to those who care least about the main point, the artist who happens to be involved.

The Country Life Library (London) has published in its series of Architectural Monographs a large and sumptuous quarto volume on "Houses and Gardens by E. L. Lutyens," described and criticised by Lawrence Weaver. Twenty-six chapters and an Appendix are devoted to a review of Mr. Lutyens's work in the field of domestic architecture, of which there are 580 illustrations. A large proportion of these are full-page plates from photographs, and all without exception are of the high quality which one associates with the Country Life publications. The Appendix is devoted to reproductions of detail drawings from Mr. Lutyens's office; these are the least interesting of the illustrations, as they are not for the most part figured, and show little of the actual construction. It may be questioned whether the work treated of is quite worthy of this extended presentation. Mr. Lutyens is an architect of high repute, and by reason of his work in South Africa and his selection as architect of the new capital of India at Delhi, is probably more widely known abroad than some of his British compeers of equal ability. But it can hardly be said that his work betrays the stamp of special distinction or of marked originality. The country houses shown in this book display good taste, sometimes the elusive quality of artistic charm; the town houses and more formal designs are distinctly dull and heavy. Text and illustrations are evidently designed for the general rather than the professional public; but it is hard to discover, even in the explanatory, almost apologetic preface, any quite adequate motive for so elaborate an advertisement to the multitude. Certainly Americans, whether architects or clients, seeking for instruction as to English country-house architecture, will find more and better material in other sources.

In two miniature volumes, "Berlin, Dresden" and "Munich, Frankfort, Cassel," John C. Van Dyke's "New Guides to Old Masters" (Scribner's; $1 each) cover the chief galleries of Germany. The general characteristics of these guides we have already discussed. On points of quality Mr. Van Dyke is a stimulating mentor, on issues of attribution he is bold to rashness. Out of the twenty-two Berlin Rembrandts, most of which were bought by the great expert Dr. Bode, only seven are accepted as genuine, three of these being doubtful. A process that involves giving such a masterpiece as the Vision of Daniel to scholars of the calibre of Eckhout or Bol will find little favor with the judicious. In general we are convinced that such critical matters should be threshed out in the special journals before being laid before the public. We feel, too, that the warning against repainting is overdone. It is most needful to know the few pictures that are intact and those that are hopelessly overpainted. But the caution "somewhat repainted" holds of nearly all old pictures, and may be taken for granted. Mr. Van Dyke grants three stars, the mark for a great masterpiece, to only four pictures in Germany; the Sistine Madonna and the Giorgione Venus at Dresden, the Saskia with a Crimson Cap at Cassel, and the Wings of the Van Eyck Adoration of the Lamb at Berlin. It seems to us that he underrates such pictures as Dürer's Four Apostles and the Dresden Ruysdaels, nor can we at all agree with his low estimate of Holbein's Georg Gisze. It is a masterpiece of the cold type, but still a masterpiece. Mr. Van Dyke's invention of a "Pseudo-Vermeer" to account for the poorer pictures ascribed to the master of Delft seems to us fantastic. Broadly speaking, these little books are better calculated to divert the expert than to edify the public.

We have received Part XII of Paul Herrmann's valuable "Denkmäler der Malerei des Altertums" (Munich: F. Bruckmann Co.). This part is devoted to the frescoes in the so-called House of the Citharist at Pompeii, as the previous one was to those of the "Villa of Cicero." It goes without saying that the plates maintain the high standard of the house of Bruckmann for beautiful and accurate reproductions, and Dr. Herrmann's text displays the scholarship and the infinite pains in his study and description of details to which the previous parts of this work have accustomed us. Indeed, one of the most useful and important features of his text is his correction, bit by bit, of the many careless errors in the descriptions of the colors and other details which were made in earlier catalogues, notably—to our surprise—Helbig's, on which students have hitherto relied with confidence. But the most impressive fact which he brings out, and which is a disheartening one to all lovers of ancient art, is that many of the Pompeian frescoes, especially among those which were removed to the Museum of Naples, have already sadly deteriorated in the comparatively brief period since their discovery. Students who have visited that museum at rare intervals must have been conscious of this fact in a general way—the increasing effect of dinginess, and the gradual deadening of the vivid colors which one notices after an interval of several years—but Dr. Herrmann proves it by evidence which is incontrovertible. Those who consult the present part may follow this evidence most convincingly by comparing the reproductions which he gives of early photographs of several of these frescoes with his own plates showing their condition to-day. Of course the early photographs were generally retouched, and sometimes extensively, to make them good "sellers," but by comparing those of different makers he says he has been able to determine the facts, as no two negatives of the same subject were retouched in precisely the same manner.

We may cite two examples given by Dr. Herrmann as appalling illustrations of what has happened within a single generation. One is the picture of Leda or Nemesis (pl. 111, Helbig No. 152), which his reproduction of an early photograph shows with all the details of the three figures and their architectural setting clearly defined, whereas now the whole surface is badly worn, the figures are barely recognizable, and many of the details have practically disappeared. The other is the charming Judgment of Paris (pl. 113, Helbig No. 1286). Both the early photographs and Helbig's description show that not many years ago this picture was strong in color and well preserved throughout, but now the upper part has paled and some of its more delicate details have vanished, while the lower third has gone entirely, even the surface of the stucco having crumbled away. To appreciate this situation it must be remembered that the excavation of the House of the Citharist was begun in 1853, and completed in 1868, with a long interval of interruption between, so that the deterioration to which we refer has occurred during the first generation after the discovery of these fres-

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coes. Such being the case, to what are we to look forward for future generations—will there be anything left for them? It is a comfort to believe that these matters are more carefully and intelligently looked after now than they used to be, and that better treatment has been given to the paintings unearthed in recent years, insuring them a longer and more brilliant life, yet this is but imperfect consolation for what has been allowed to go and now can never be recovered.

Barclay Vincent Head, an authority on numismatics, died in London on June 12. He was born in Ipswich, England, on January 2, 1844. In 1864 he was appointed an assistant in the British Museum; in 1908 he was elected vice-president of the Royal Numismatic Society, and was joint editor of the *Numismatic Chronicle* from 1869 until 1910. From 1893 to 1906 he was keeper of the department of coins and medals of the British Museum. Mr. Head was a correspondent of the Institute of France and of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, and a member of the Imperial German Archæological Institute. He had also received the degrees of D.Litt. from Oxford, D.C.L. from Durham, and Ph.D. from Heidelberg. He was the author of "History of the Coinage of Syracuse," "The Coinage of Lydia and Persia," "History of the Coinage of Ephesus," "Historia Numorum," and the Catalogues of Greek Coins in the British Museum in ten volumes.

Finance

THE SWING AROUND A CIRCLE.

In an interview with the *Evening Post* last week, ex-Senator Edmunds—a survivor, in full intellectual vigor, of the celebrated group of statesmen who guided the country's political destinies from the ending of the Civil War to the beginning of the Spanish-American conflict—had two things to say which bore on the financial situation. One was in comment on President Wilson's theory of a "psychological depression." Mr. Edmunds offset this by President Cleveland's remark of 1884 that "it is a condition, not a theory, which confronts us."

The pressing of the contrast between the two Presidential utterances was interesting, though perhaps not wholly fair. Mr. Wilson did not allege, and could not very well have done so, that business depression was not in itself an actual condition. Mr. Cleveland was not arguing that theory had no part in plans to reduce the tariff, but that revenues ought to be reduced, whichever economic theory about it might be the wiser, because the overflowing public surplus was deranging the money market.

The second point of ex-Senator Edmunds had to do with the situation itself—financial and industrial, as well as political and social. As to this, he declared himself not discouraged at the popular extravagances of the day:

> It will all come out right. The troubles are not political, but social. Human history and experience teach that things go around in circles. We are now in a part of the circle which I shall not endeavor to classify. We are troubled with an epidemic of emotion among people who don't stop to reflect. Radical doctrines are merely a sign of the times. Some day there will be a further swing around the circle and then you will see a change.

This is a highly interesting statement. If the principle applies to the social and political ferment of the day, it can hardly fail to apply to the financial disturbance as well; for the one is vitally influenced by the other. What is the basis of it?

That good and bad times in business swing around in a fairly well-defined circle—usually fixed at something like twenty years—is an old story. That happens under the influence of other causes than the upheaval and subsidence of great popular emotions. Retrenchment and accumulation of capital, through a series of years, alternate with an approximately equal period of expansion and speculation. Each is the natural sequel to the other; we are now in a period of the first-named sort, just as we were in a period of the other sort a decade or so ago, and just as we were in a period such as now exists a decade before that. In the field of political contests, the swing of the circle is somewhat narrower, because any party in power is apt to become unpopular through inability to please all its previous supporters, and because the dissatisfied voting constituency which creates majorities swings, for the time being, to the other side.

But the "epidemic of emotion," of which Mr. Edmunds speaks, is something different from either. Its seizure of the mind of whole communities is much more rare in its recurrence. Such world-wide demonstrations, occurring in periods half a century or more apart, and seemingly based on a fixed resolve to upset existing institutions, have been explained on the theory that the previous state of things had at last become impossible to endure. They have also been explained on the ground that the public's imagination had been so set on fire, by a series of inventions which had changed the methods of the physical world, that the excited public had determined to change things with equal suddenness and completeness in the social, political, and financial world as well. Either theory would apply to the great upheaval of 1789 and to that of 1848, and either applies to that which is now in progress.

What is even more immediately to the point, leaders in both of those older epoch-making demonstrations, after the real abuses and anachronisms of the period had been successfully attacked, proceeded to indulge in every sort of wild and fantastic propaganda of reform. That also is true to-day; some of the evidence for which is the proposed recall of judicial decisions in politics, "syndicalism" in economic theory, feminism and the militant suffragettes in the field of moral and social institutions, and Government commissions with power to regulate any incorporated business (the original proposition of the Trades Commission bill) for finance.

After the French Revolution, and after the uprisings of 1848, the civilized world swung gradually around the circle again. It never got back to exactly the situation which it had left behind it when the people rose against the Crown; otherwise the Bourbon autocracy, with its *lettres de cachet*, would have returned after the one upheaval had subsided, and the Continental tyrannies would have been rebuilt after their general collapse in the middle of the century. On any such supposition, the wild performances of associated capitalists, "thinking in hundred millions," would return when the present commotion should have spent its force—which no one imagines as a probability.

But, on the other hand, 1789 did not introduce a permanent régime of sans-culottes, guillotines, Jacobin clubs, and a calendar in which Year One was the date of the French Convention. The settling down of affairs after 1848 did not establish a world-wide institution of State Socialism. Neither will the aftermath of the present furious emotional upheaval leave the courts or the marriage ceremony abolished, or the banks and the stock exchanges managed by legislative committees. Mr. Edmunds was wise, however, in declining to commit himself as to exactly what part of the circle we are in to-day. That is something which every one would like to know, and which it is not at all probable any one will know until we are considerably further along on the periphery.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Buckrose, J. E. Gay Morning. Doran. $1.25 net.
Johnson, W. S. Nothing Else Matters. Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Merrick, Leonard. When Love Flies Out o' the Window. Kennerley. $1.20 net.
Scott, Leroy. No. 13 Washington Square. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Silberrad, U. L. Cuddy Yarborough's Daughter. Doran. $1.25 net.
Suttner, B. von. When Thoughts Will Soar. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bishop, W. W. Practical Handbook of Modern Cataloging. Baltimore: William & Wilkins.
Briggs, Le Baron R. To College Girls. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents net.

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China Year Book. Dutton. $3.50 net.
MacMunn, Norman. A Path to Freedom in the School. Macmillan. 60 cents net.
Morris, William. Old French Romances. Scribner.
South African Year Book. Dutton. $3.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Brandes, Georg. Friedrich Nietzsche. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Cornill, C. H. Ancient Israel. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Dunn, J. P. The Unknown God. Indianapolis: Sentinel Printing Co. $1.
Eucken, R. Collected Essays. Scribner. $4 net.
Murray, George. Jesus and His Parables. Edinburgh: Clark.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cyclopedia of American Government. Vol. I. Appleton.
Hobson, J. A. Work and Wealth. Macmillan. $2 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Chadwick, Ellis H. In the Footsteps of the Brontës. Brentano. $3.75 net.
Hill, D. J. A History of European Diplomacy. Vol. III. Longmans. $6 net.
Salzman, L. F. Henry II. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Schurman, J. G. The Balkan Wars. Princeton: University Press. $1 net.
Stanhope, G., and Gooch, G. P. The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope. Longmans. $3.50 net.
Temperly, W. M. G. The Life of Henry VII. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Hale, Walter. The Ideal Motor Tour in France. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Wigram, W. A. and E. T. A. The Cradle of Mankind. Macmillan. $4.50 net.

POETRY.

Norton, G. F. The Sister of the Wind. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Procter, A. A. Legends and Lyrics. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE.

Chase, H. Game Protection and Propagation in America. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Eugenics: Twelve University Lectures. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Sharp, D. L. Where Rolls the Oregon. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Crawford, C. Dramatic Games and Dances. Barnes. $1.50 net.
Galsworthy, John. The Mob. Scribner. 60 cents net.
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